WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

SITTING with pipe and slippers
In my own old easy chair,
The day's long work well over,
And the children gathered, fair
In their radiant mirth and beauty
I find no hour so bright
As the one they fill with frolic
Before they say good night.

Eight is the chime that sends them
Scampering up the stairs,
With gleeful shout and giggle,
Hushed at their evening prayers.
Then, flushed and sweet as the flowers,
On the snowy pillows laid,
They will drift to the isles of dreamland
Each dear little lad and maid.

Sitting with pipe and slippers,
I listen, and overhead
I hear the prattle of children
Merrily going to bed;
And I envy not the monarch
On his gold and ivory throne
As I reign in my little kingdom,
With every heart my own.

ONE PAIR OF GLOVES FOR A LIFETIME.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was told, when in Brussels, that he was to be introduced to the King of the Belgians. A dandy fellow, a very fine specimen, call upon him, and said he wanted to consult hi[illegible] matter of importance.

"Well," said Mr. Stephenson, "what [illegible]

"Well, I understand from Lord [illegible] have the honour of a prese[illegible] King of the Belgians at the sa[illegible]

"Very well," said [illegible]

"And, Mr. [illegible] know you are a practical [illegible] experience [illegible] you think [illegible] ves?

[illegible] my mother gave me [illegible] pair of gloves when I was born, and I tell you, [illegible] to put any other gloves on; [illegible] the King of the Belgians won't have George Ste[illegible] with the gloves his mother gave him, [illegible] washed, then good morning to the King of the Belgians."

NEW YEAR'S EVE CUSTOM IN RUSSIA.

"ILKA land has its ain laugh"—that is, each country has customs peculiar to itself. Among most peoples the advent of a New Year is celebrated by festivities of some kind, superstitious rites not infrequently mingling with the other proceedings incident to the time.

In Russia a curious custom obtains. On New Year's Eve young ladies and gentlemen write their greatest wish on a slip of paper, which they fold up, and at the first stroke of midnight set it on fire. If the paper is all burnt away by the time the clock is done striking, the wish will be granted; but if the smallest particle of the paper remains unconsumed, the wish will never be obtained, or its realisation well be at least indefinitely postponed.

We are not sure whether there is an appeal allowed in this decision of fate—whether, in fact, a disappointed devotee may not try for "better luck next time," but should suppose it only reasonable that an opportunity should be permitted both to the oracle and the devotee, of rectifying mistakes, which, after all, might only be due to awkwardness in manipulation. For instance, supposing one consulter of the fates should use a larger bit of paper than another, or should fold up his pellet a little too tightly, so as to impede combustion, or commit any other similar blunder, would the result be deemed conclusive all the same? We hope not. Another trial next year would only be fair to all parties concerned.

A QUEER CURE.

ELECTRICITY is a fruitful mystery to the educated and to the uneducated. Although men have learned how to manage it and make it useful, its qualities are not yet fully known even by the best electricians. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the electric fluid, as it is sometimes called, is not understood by those who have never had any practical dealings with it.

Mrs. Vernon lived on a big farm. She was a clever widow, and made her farm pay. One day her eldest son was struck by lightning during a terrible storm. The labourers carried his apparently lifeless body into the house.

"Why, wasn't you scared out of your wits, Mrs. Vernon?" asked one of her neighbours afterwards.

"No; I knew prompt measures was nec'sary, though, and there wa'n't no time to send for doctors. So I just gave him a good emetic, and he come to and threw up all the electric fluid, and then he was all right."

PUT TO THE TEST.

TRAVERS: "I want to ask you a questi[illegible] that five years from now I should [illegible] streets, clothed literally in ra[illegible] old hat and shoes full of [illegible] enough of me then to t[illegible] new outfit, give [illegible] hand [illegible]

[illegible] certainly [illegible] make it still near[illegible] didn't need a bath. T[illegible] make it two years."

Dasher (facetiously): "Make it a y[illegible] with a good pair of shoes—eh? Substitute a new [illegible], and—" (a great light dawning on him) "Oh——"

Travers: "And, if you are a man of your word, let me have five pounds."

LANTERN RANK.

IN Stuttgart, years ago, there existed a curious custom which is not yet entirely abolished, and, in fact, still flourishes in some parts of Germany and Switzerland. This was the use of lanterns of different varieties and sizes by which, at night, the rank of the party could be easily distinguished.

The lanterns were carried by the servants who were sent to escort their mistresses home from places of amusement, and they made the square in front of the Royal Opera House, where most of the entertainments were then given, quite picturesque, with their lights bobbing up and down in every direction.

The differences between some of these lanterns were slight, but they had to be strictly observed, or trouble arose. The order of rank as set forth in the "rank-list," was something from which they could never swerve. Some had lanterns of tin, some of brass; some had wax lights, and others tallow; even the number of lights was prescribed for each separate class or rank.

An amusing story is told by Hacklander of two Stuttgart women, whose life-long friendship was nearly destroyed by the mistake of one of the husbands, who bought at an auction a lantern which could only be used with propriety by people of the next higher rank.

The servant polished the offending lantern, and took it with her the next night when she went to meet her mistress at the close of an operatic entertainment. It was some time before the other woman, whose sense of the proprieties of life had been outraged, and who thought her old friend was endeavouring to lay claim to a rank above the one in which they both belonged, could be appeased. Even after the explanation, the subject of the lantern was always a sore one between them.

IT HURTS.

RUSSIA rules with the knout, and Turkey with the stick. The term bastinado, from *bastine*, a stick, is confined exclusively, in modern acceptation, to the form of punishment adopted by the Turkish courts of justice—namely, beating the soles of the feet with sticks.

From this penalty certain classes are exempt—Emirs, or those belonging to the family of the Prophet; public functionaries, both civil and military; free citizens or private individuals holding landed property. The punishment can, by the letter of the law, be inflicted only on the lower classes of society, slaves, Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and other tributary subjects of the empire.

This exemption of certain classes is indeed not always respected, but the men in authority are n[illegible] as a general rule, subject, as they are in Persia [illegible] degrading punishment. In Persia, it was r[illegible] infrequent thing for the Shah to have h[illegible] cudgelled in his presence, while the [illegible] with the officers and minister[illegible] The punishment is thus in[illegible] them a strong [illegible] then [illegible] are fairly [illegible] brown on his [illegible] and shoulders, [illegible] punishment is inflicted [illegible] rough stick.

[illegible] number of strokes varied fro[illegible] it was afterwards extended [illegible] has since become optional; [illegible] the ceremony of keeping account o[illegible] lay them on till the feet of the suff[illegible] to a complete jelly.

When the presiding officer is satisfied that s[illegible] punishment has been inflicted, he gives the w[illegible] blows cease, the feet are cut loose, and the [illegible] crawls away as he best can, and in the greatest [illegible] For many days afterwards he is unable to use his wounded feet, and is sometimes rendered a cripple for life.

The punishment, which is commonly called by the Turks *zarb*, is generally inflicted without any minute or lengthened inquiry. The most frequent dispensers of it are the Meuhtessibs, or commissaries of police of Constantinople.

CUSTOMER: "Be sure and have that overcoat ready this week, as I want to wear it at the football ma[illegible]

Tailor: "Are you going to be in the game?"

Customer: "Oh, yes."

Tailor (stiffly): "Then, sir, our terms are invari[illegible] cash in advance."

WHOLESALE.—He was a buyer in a large wholesale house, and he was in love. One night he snatched a kiss.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am so well pleased with this sample that I should like to negotiate for all you have."

He was accepted on the spot.

"YOU must honour your parents," the Sunday-school superintendent said to the new boy. "I am sure you obey your mother."

"Yes, sir," came the reply, with an emphasis that rather startled the questioner.

"And you and your little brother here always show her respect, don't you?"

"That we does! Why, she kin lick dad, she kin!"

MR. THRIFTY: "Doctor, I don't think much of that cough medicine of yours."

Dr. Curem: "I am very sorry to hear that. What is the reason?"

Thrifty: "Why, there is so much of it dead waste."

Curem: "Dead waste!"

Thrifty: "Yes; I hadn't taken more than a quarter of the bottle when my cough had gone, and there is the other three-quarters thrown away."

A CURIOUS FOOTBALL MATCH.

I have little hesitation in asserting that the match I am about to tell you about was very nearly the most remarkable match that ever was played. It may have been the most remarkable, probably it was, but I don't like to make rash statements, having a great regard for the truth. However, here are the facts.

Some years ago I belonged to the Rugby Football Club of Cramtoun, but my merits were so little recognised that for a long time I never got a place in the team. But if I did not play I studied the rules assiduously, and I will venture to say that nobody in the British Isles knew those rules so well as I did. But [illegible], I am modest. Let it pass. At last, however, [illegible]tunity came. I got the much desired post-card one [illegible]ing, asking me to play on the following Saturday. Naturally, I was very much pleased, and my reply was a cordial acceptance of the invitation.

The match was to be against the "Fibville Wanderers," but as a county match was being played on their ground and ours was otherwise occupied for the day, we arranged that our match should be played at a little village called Whackerford, where there was a very fair ground. The Whackerford team were that day playing a foreign match, so that we could have the place all to ourselves.

I was in a state of considerable excitemont the night before the match. I could not read, though I tried hard. The rules of the game continually forced themselves on my mind, and blended themselves into the novel I was vainly trying to understand in the most ridiculous manner.

"'Godfrey Mandeville,'" I seemed to read, "said the beauteous Jasmine, as she extended to him her shapely hand to kiss, 'Kick out must be a *drop-kick*, and from not more than *twenty-five yards* outside the kicker's goal-line.'"

This sort of thing was unbearable, and it was quite a relief when a visitor was announced. The visitor was Ralph Falsett, our captain.

"I came to tell you," he said, "that we go to Whackerford to-morrow by the twelve o'clock train, but I have a favour to ask of you."

"Say on," I replied, proud to think that I was about to confer a favour on the captain of the team.

"Well, then," he continued, "this is what I want. Of course, as the match is to take place on the Fibville ground, the Wanderers will provide the ball and all that sort of thing. But I believe there's only one inn in the village, and that's no[illegible] a very bi[illegible]. I wish you would go out by the ten [illegible] see that there are some rooms kept for [illegible] only one of the team that's not in [illegible]," "so you'll have loads of time."

"[illegible] telegraph?" I asked.

"[illegible] there isn't any tele[illegible] Whackerford at a[illegible]st station being Sh[illegible] Shamwick to Whack[illegible]ght, I'll go," I replied, ch[illegible] a good fellow," said Falset[illegible] got up to [illegible] "The match begins at 2.30, and I'll see you then."

Rash words! But I anticipate.

I slept a troubled sleep that night, and dreamt of football continually, only the football I dreamt about was peculiar. Sometimes it was played in a room, and the ball was always hitting the roof; sometimes the ball collapsed whenever it was kicked; and sometimes my feet stuck to the ground whenever I tried to run. At length, however, morning came, and freed me from this species of nightmare.

I was at the station in good time, and by half-past [illegible] on the railway platform at Shamwick. I had [illegible]t drive on the outside of an omnibus to [illegible]ford, where I secured all the available rooms, [illegible]en I had something to eat. When this im[illegible]t duty had been performed, I proceeded to [illegible] myself in football array, and started for the [illegible]. So far the rest of our team had not yet turned [illegible], but I expected them every minute. When I arrived on the scene of action I found two stalwart players, dressed in jersey and knickerbockers, and evidently thirsting for the fray.

"Have you a strong team to-day?" asked one of them, as I came up.

"Well, no, not very," I replied, being pretty sure that no team of which I was a member could be considered strong.

"Ah, I'm particularly glad to hear that," was the answer, "for I've got half a sovereign on this match, and I don't want to lose."

"Well, I've got five shillings on with a fellow," observed number two, "so I shouldn't mind winning, either."

"Where are the rest of your men?" I asked, after a bit.

"Coming on by the eleven-forty from Fibville," was the reply. "Jack and I came over by the nine-fifteen, to see that the ground was all right, and we've got the ball here with us."

"Where are your men?" queried Jack, turning to me.

"Coming on by the twelve from Cramtoun," I answered. "I came on ahead to make arrangements."

"[illegible], your men should have been here by this time," was the Fibville captain's remark.

"When is their train due?" said I.

"I'll soon tell you," answered Jack, as he produced a time-table, over which he glanced for a time. At last he gave a long whistle.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Listen to this: 'On and after 1st November the twelve o'clock noon train from Cramtoun to Brashley, *will not stop at Shamwick.*'"

This was the 1st of November. I eagerly took the time-table into my own fingers, and tried hard to make an improvement on the meaning; but in vain. Our captain must have been trusting to an old time-table, and if the team had started by the twelve train they would not stand on the Whackerford field during daylight. I was quite staggered by this intelligence. Fate seemed to be against my efforts to play Rugby football.

"When are your men due?" I asked presently, when I had recovered a little.

"Two-five," replied Jack. "Their train must be a little late, but they'll be here presently."

"Stop a bit," I said, "till I look at the time-table." I had a faint hope that the Fibville men might be in the wrong too; and imagine my delight when I found lurking near the eleven-forty train from Fibville, a very small "a," and on consulting an equally obscure foot-note with the same letter before it, I found, and in a trembling voice read out, "Does not stop at Shamwick on Saturdays." Now this was a Saturday.

"I tell you what it is," said Jack, after a pause, "I'm not going to have this match declared off. I don't want to lose the chance of winning half a quid."

"And I don't want to lose five shillings," said the other Fibville man.

"But how can we play?" I asked, faintly.

"First-rate," was the answer. "Both sides are a little short, and if you've the advantage in the mauls we're perhaps stronger behind."

"But you're two to one," I objected.

"Don't put it that way," answered Jack. "We've one man more than you, it's true, but that's common enough. Come on," and he actually proceeded to place the ball in the middle of the field.

But here I rebelled. "I absolutely decline to play," I said, resolutely.

"[illegible] don't," broke in a gruff voice [illegible] before. It proceeded from a [illegible] type. "No ye de[illegible] ce to see this match [illegible] and no more'll [illegible] like bolting.

[illegible] use making any [illegible] ly. Jack tossed and I won.

"[illegible]cordance with the rules," I observed, "I [illegible] off."

The spectator was constituted timekeeper and referee, and the "Fibville Wanderers" lined up, Jack being forward, and his friend Jim, goal-keeper. I kicked off, and the ball landed in Jim's hands. He dropped it prettily into touch close to my "twenty-five" flag, and before I could take it out, the forwards—I beg pardon, the forward—was upon me. I was now in a dilemma. If I threw the ball far out Jim would get it. If I attempted to touch it out myself it would be held at once by Jack.

I chose the latter, and a maul was formed. The Fibville forward was the heavier of the two, and he carried the scrimmage amidst cheers from the referee. A fine dribble succeeded, and in another moment prolonged applause announced that the Fibville Wanderers had scored their first try, which Jim converted into a goal.

There is no need to detail the play. Be it enough to state that in five minutes I was completely exhausted, and when time was called at the end of thirty-five minutes, the "Fibville Wanderers" had scored fifteen goals and twenty-three tries, which says very little for their place-kicking.

Ends were changed, and Jack kicked off. I fumbled the ball somewhat, and was compelled to touch behind almost immediately; but I still made a show of playing, and dropped the ball out at the twenty-five with some vigour. The fine combined play of the "Wanderers," however, frustrated all my efforts to score, and in a few minutes they had added a goal and three tries to their score—total, sixteen goals and twenty-six tries to nothing. Again and again was the ball started, and again and again did it find its way over my goal line, till, with twenty minutes to play, the score stood at seventeen goals and thirty-six tries to *nil*.

But now an unlooked-for event happened. I heard suddenly a joyful shout, and in at the gate of the field rushed fourteen stalwart heroes, wearing the green and the white of the Cramtoun Club, with Ralph Falsett at their head. A moment's explanation told them how matters stood, and with a wild yell they rushed on the unfortunate "Wanderers."

Scoring now became frequent on the other side. Again and again were the Fibville lines invaded, and so sure was our place kicking, that in seventeen minutes we had seventeen goals to our credit. We were still thirty-six tries behind, but another goal would do just as well, for in those days the rule about scoring by points had not been invented, and when [illegible] half-time [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] breathless silence we [illegible] place kick, and when the ball rose [illegible] sky, and shot between the tall goal posts, the shout we raised might have been heard a mile [illegible].

But now the game again swung open, and in trotted thirteen "Fibville Wanderers."

"We'll do for you yet," cried Jack, in great glee, as the two fifteens lined up for the first time since the beginning of the match.

"Now, then, Wanderers!" he continued.

"Time!" said the spectator.

* * * * *

And so this remarkable match ended in our favour by eighteen goals to seventeen goals and thirty-six tries, and Jack lost his half sovereign and Jim his five shillings. And how had our gallant fourteen managed to come so timeously to my rescue, as single-handed I upheld the honour of the club? Simply this. They had gone on by the twelve train to the next station after Shamwick, and had driven over to Whackerford as fast as horses could take them, thinking that the match could not possibly have begun, and the Fibville men had done the very same thing, only they had somewhat farther to drive.

What a dinner we had that evening at the "Whackerford Arms!" My health was drunk about fifty times, and the report of the match in next week's papers was a treat to see.

Well, now, wasn't that very nearly the most remarkable match that ever was played? And if anyone doubts the truth of my account, I refer him to the referee on the occasion, Mr. Giles Sturge, labourer on Tuffyarn Farm, Whackerford.

WHY is it in art that no woman appears among the old masters? Wouldn't it sound nice: "Ladies and gentlemen, this lovely landscape is no mere daub. It was painted by one of the old maids."

"ELLA, have you heard the news? Your husband has left off smoking."

"He had better tell *me* so, if he dares! Where am I to get my new curtains? I permitted him to smoke only on the express condition that he should give me a pair of new curtains every year."

[illegible] YOUNG French advocate, in the course of his [illegible] to the Court, flourished about his hand in [illegible] manner as to show off a great magnificent [illegible]ing. He was young, good-looking, and [illegible] a lady of quality, who demanded a [illegible] her husband. The husband, who [illegible]esent, interrupted him in the middle [illegible] turning to the judges, exclaimed, [illegible] appreciate the zeal which M. M— [illegible] st me, and the sincerity of his arg[illegible] informed that the diamond [illegible] which I placed on my ring he w[illegible] nion he is so anxious to dissolve."

The Court, said M. [illegible], who relates this sto[illegible] was struck, and [illegible]ely. The cause wa[illegible] lost, and the advo[illegible] had another. To add to the poignancy of the catastrophe the husband's insinuation had no foundation in fact.

A FAIR OFFER.

THE WEEK'S NEWS,

Companion paper to *Pearson's Weekly*, is published every Friday, and consists of the whole of the most readable matter from every other paper which is worth quoting.

The staff of THE WEEK'S NEWS scans every daily and weekly paper of any importance published in the United Kingdom, and selects from them all the most readable items. It can be no idle boast, therefore, to state that THE WEEK'S NEWS is absolutely the most interesting newspaper published, as it contains all that is most interesting from all the other newspapers. It is the only newspaper in the world every line of which is readable and interesting.

You may jump at the conclusion that the paper cannot be worthy of this eulogy; but if you are a reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, you must, we think, give us the credit for knowing interesting matter when we see it. If we know what is likely to hit the public taste with regard to matter which is not news, we ought to be equally successful with that which is. At all events it is not asking you much to request you to be good enough to give the new paper a trial.

If you do not like it, we shall be very glad to return you twopence for the penny you have spent.

That is a fair offer. Dissatisfied purchasers must kindly include with application for twopence the heading from the front page of the current number of THE WEEK'S NEWS. Any newsvendor can obtain THE WEEK'S NEWS regularly for you. It is published every Friday.

ON TIME.

The parents of a young soldier who was a private in a Prussian cavalry regiment during the Franco-Prussian War became terribly anxious about him. Several battles had been fought, and they had received no news of their boy. After some hesitation the father went to see General von Moltke, who was understood to receive visitors at a certain hour in the early morning.

Strange to say, the father was admitted to see the great field marshal. "What is your business?" said Moltke. "Use as few words as possible." The visitor explained that he wished to know the fate of his son, a private in a certain regiment. Moltke smiled, but not unkindly, and drew from his pocket a square of cardboard covered with dots, lines, and crosses in various colours. "This line," he said, "indicates the line of march of your son's regiment. These dots mark the distances of each forced march. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock the regiment must be at this point here. Take note of the situation." With this the interview ended. Long before the hour named the father was at the point indicated on the map. Just before seven o'clock the trumpets of the advance guard were heard in the distance, and precisely at the hour the father saw his son.

WASTED ENERGY.

Twenty-one million cubic feet of water falls over Niagara's brink every minute, equalling sixteen million horse-power an hour, and it is estimated that the total daily production of coal in the world, if converted into steam, would just about suffice to pump the water back again. The flowing of nine rivers into the Pacific, represents nine hundred million horse-power for every foot of fall.

Now the aggregate horse-power of the globe is forty-six millions, about one-twentieth of the power which is permitted to go to waste in the two instances recorded above. Electrical science has called attention to this enormous amount of wasted energy. Cataracts, tidal waves, and rapid rivers will, in time, be utilised everywhere, and great steps have already been made in that direction. Neither climate nor altitude seems to hinder this utilisation, and one of the most successful of recently installed electrical plants is far up in the [illegible] snow gives a never-failing stream of [illegible] series of turbine wheels. These, [illegible] and its electrical [illegible] over a copper thread [illegible] of a woollen manufactory of 30,000 [illegible]

[illegible] large plant is being installed at Rheinfelder, on the Rhine, consisting of twenty turbine wheels, coupled direct to dynamos of 500,000 "watts"—a watt is the unit of electric force. From these electrical energy will be transmitted to various industrial centres within a radius of fifteen miles.

LOYAL.

A touching illustration of the loyalty of the Alsatians to France at the time of the annexation of Alsace by Germany was the conduct of a soldier's widow. The people of Alsace heroically resisted the German claims, yielded with bitter sorrow their connection with France, and only adopted the laws of the conquerors when the change was forced upon them. A certain soldier, having served in the French army with credit, retired, giving up a sure prospect of advancement, to return to Alsace, marry the daughter of his schoolmaster, and himself become a village schoolmaster.

I once visited Frederick and his wife in their pretty little country home. The large garden was filled with flowers and fruit. Not a foot of earth was unoccupied; not a weed was to be seen. Wheat and oats grew in a small field. These were the pride of Frederick and his two sons. In a pasture near a stream a fine cow grazed. Of his sons Frederick said, "I want them first to be soldiers; after that schoolmasters, labourers, whatever they wish."

During the struggle of Alsace against the German possession in 1870 and 1871, I was not surprised to hear that Frederick had been chosen as an officer, and had distinguished himself by his courage and good judgment.

One day, when I was busy at my office in Paris, the servant handed me a piece of paper on which I was shocked to read: "The widow of Frederick and his only son."

I hastened to receive them. Sorrow and poverty had changed them. The widow showed me the cross of honour which had been fastened on her husband in the hospital, and told me the details of his death, as she had learned them from his colonel.

"My son Paul was then seventeen years old," she said. "He wished to join the army. 'It is my turn,' he urged, and I did not try to restrain him. I knew his father would have wished him to go. He is gone."

Mother and son had had a long journey through the German lines. Several times they had been arrested. Some of the railways were blocked. They had travelled much of the way on foot, had had only bread to eat, and had only a little money left. Pointing to her son, she said:

"He has been so good! In the saddest and most dangerous moments he has thought only of me."

I was thinking with concern of how they were to live.

"At home you have some land and a cow," said I.

"I sold the cow and nearly all the furniture to the neighbours," she replied. "They did not pay very much, not because they are hard-hearted, but they are nearly ruined. We have lived on that money."

"But you kept the land?" I asked.

She looked at me in surprise, and exclaimed:

"To keep that we must have stayed in Alsace and become Germans!"

She had not even thought of it. She had given up sure, if simple, comfort for dire poverty without hesitation, as one submits to necessity, feeling that there is no other way.

I must have looked perplexed. She read my face, and said, simply:

"The army."

I had forgotten, but I understood. The son was fourteen. If they stayed in Alsace he must, when he reached the military age, join the German army, must serve against France in the army that had killed his father and his brother. She had brought him to France to become a soldier before he was of age. She had no feeling of anger, no wish to avenge those she had lost. She only wished to give him also. I thought I divined this, and I was right, as it proved.

When he was sixteen the lad became a soldier. Later he became an officer, served at Tonkin, and proved himself worthy of his father and his country. Employment was found for the mother. They had shown themselves loyal to France, but they remained loyal Alsatians. In Alsace they had left not the paternal cottage—it was theirs no longer—only two graves, and their hearts.

AN IMPASSIONED ORATOR.

Some years ago a certain eminent statesman was making political speeches up in the North, and one day he alighted from a train at a railway station to "speak to the people." He planted himself on a small eminence near by, and turned loose his soul in a torrent of eloquence.

"My friends," he said, among other things, "your destiny is assured. With such a country, and such a climate, and such a soil, what may not this village become? In this soil"—here he stooped and scraped up a handful of it—"I seem to see the very seeds of empire! In this red earth—which looks as if fertilised by the iron of your will—are latent promises and possibilities of the grandest sort. What will such a soil not grow? It will produce not only fruits and grains, but men and women of heroic mould; and as I now scatter this prolific earth to the four winds, as I scatter this generous soil—"

But just here the orator's remarks were consumed in inextinguishable laughter. He was standing on the site of an old tannery, and the generous soil was oak-bark!

HEIRS APPARENT.

It is, of course, mere idle speculation to wonder whether the Prince of Wales will ever ascend the British Throne. But the genial master of Marlborough House is said to have given up all idea—he is too dutiful and good a son to permit me to use the word "hope"—of ever ascending the throne of his mother. It is a matter of current gossip, in clubland, that, with true sporting instinct, he has "taken odds" on the certainty of his predeceasing the Queen.

True, the latter is twenty years his senior, but whereas she has all her life long considered it her foremost duty to the nation to take the utmost care of her health, the Prince can scarcely be said to have been so—well, let us term it conscientious—on the score of his physical condition. No greater contrast can possibly be imagined than that between the methodical, precise, and unemotional existence of the mother and the hard living of the son.

By hard living I do not mean profligacy. Hard living in the Prince of Wales has consisted of too much restlessness and the absence of an adequate amount of repose either for the body or the mind. He is forever on the go; and indeed the only man who has ever been known to succeed in tiring him out is his nephew the present Emperor of Germany.

This inordinate activity of the Prince, together with his custom of making four and even five heavy and hearty meals during the course of the twenty-four hours, had ended by impairing his remarkably strong constitution, and to-day the Prince is, according to insurance phraseology, a far worse "risk" than his august mother. Should he, in accordance with his own premonition and that of many of his fellow-countrymen, die before the Queen, he will but share the same fate which seems to overtake nearly all the eldest-born sons of European monarchs.

Very often the crown does not pass from father to eldest son. Usually it is either some younger brother of the latter or an even more distant relative who succeeds to the throne. There is scarcely a single Royal or Imperial house mentioned in the Almanach de Gotha that has not, within the memory of the present generation, furnished examples of this strange blight which seems to rest upon eldest sons.

Barely three years have elapsed since the day when the news was flashed from one end of the world to the other that the Crown Prince of Austria had met with a violent death. The King of the Belgians, too, has seen his only son, the young Duke of Brabant, borne to an untimely grave; and when King William of Holland, after numerous false alarms, finally decided, last spring, to take his departure for another world, his corpse was laid in the royal vault at Delft, beside the tomb of his two sons, William, Prince of Orange, and Prince Alexander.

Should the sarcophagus which contains the body of the latter, by the way, be opened by the archaeologists and antiquarians of future ages for the purpose of investigating its contents in the same manner that we are accustomed to explore the sepulchres of the Egyptian Pharaohs, doubts may possibly arise as to the identity of the occupant of the tomb. For Alexander was interred not in male, but female attire, and is, I believe, the only adult prince who has ever been buried in a quilted petticoat of orange-coloured satin. It was a mind as warped as the body that led Prince Alexander to adopt this peculiar kind of petticoat in lieu of the ordinary garments of his sex during the last few years of his life; and before he expired he extorted a promise from his father and other relatives that he should be buried in them.

"We are organising a piano club. Will you join?"

"Cheerfully! What pianist do you propose to club first?"

Carruthers: "Of what use is a family tree, anyhow?"

Waite: "Why, to cast one's neighbours into the shade, of course."

"Madge, why do you drag that stupid De Smith with you everywhere you go?"

Madge: "Well Cholly is stupid, to be sure, dear, but he always wears his clothes to match my dress."

Young Mother: "Horrors! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for tenpence!"

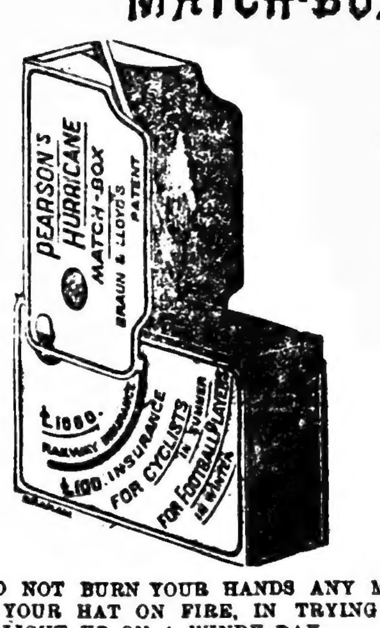
Young Father (wearily): "Perhaps it was teething."

A short time ago a cat was born with two heads. It is lively and healthy, and can yell with one mouth and waul with the other. If this breed of cats becomes common there will be lively times on the tiles at midnight.

"Why, I haven't been able to make a fire in this fireplace all the winter. It doesn't draw."

Landlord: "So! Then it must have saved you about five pounds for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent."

PEARSON'S
HURRICANE
MATCH-BOX.



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Costs but twopence, and any fancy dealer or tobacconist can obtain it from the wholesale agents, Messrs. Cave & Easterling, Red Cross Street, London, E.C.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

707. Which Scent can be most Readily Distinguished?

There is no scent so remarkable for its diffusiveness and subtlety as musk. Everything in its vicinity soon becomes affected by it, and long retains its odour, although not in actual contact with it. For this reason the late East Indian Company ordered that no musk should be brought in the same ship with tea. This scent is obtained from the musk deer, which inhabits the great mountain range that lies to the north of India, and branches out into Siberia, Thibet, and China, and it is found in some other mountain ranges, but always on the border of the line of perpetual snow. The scent of musk is not only very readily distinguished, but is also extraordinarily permanent. A single grain of musk will perfume a room for a number of years. The mortar with which the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, was built, was impregnated with a small portion of musk, with the result that in spite of the hundreds of years that have elapsed since the erection of the building the odour of this substance is still unpleasantly pronounced to our noses, though the Turks (who are so fond of musk that Mahomet cheered their hearts with the statement that the houris of paradise would be made of it) find it most delicious.

708. [illegible] Bearing Capacity [illegible] Human Head?

[illegible] licate in appearance [illegible] has been proved [illegible] supporting a [illegible] with hair, as with [illegible] strength, and it has been calculated [illegible] weight of an audience of 200 might be supported by the hair of a single head in that audience. Taking the 200 people to weigh on an average ten stone apiece this means that their united weight would amount to rather more than twelve tons, so the hair on a single head is capable of supporting this weight. The length of hair does not seem to have any effect upon its weight-bearing capacity, for a short hair and a long hair from the same head have been found to support exactly the same weight. A number of fine hairs will support a greater weight than a smaller number of coarse hairs which occupy the same bulk as the fine. It follows, therefore, that since blonde hair is the finest and black the coarsest, a certain bulk of the former would support a considerably greater weight than the same bulk of the latter.

711. Does more Rain Fall during the Night or Day?

Dr. Bergsma, from observations extending over a number of years at Batavia, found that 52·2 per cent. of the total rainfall fell between the hours of 6 a.m. and 6 p.m., while 47·2 per cent. fell between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m., thus giving 5 per cent. more rain in the daytime. The maximum average rainfall was between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m., and the minimum between 6 a.m. and 10 a.m.

712. Is Grey Hair Dead?

This question is somewhat ambiguous, as, strictly speaking, *all* hair is dead. Each hair grows out from a small cavity or recess in the skin, where the infinitely little living cells which are going to compose it, gradually become arranged into a shaft, or stalk, thus forming the pulpy "root." This root is pushed out by continuous growth of new cells at the base, and, the cells composing it being in this way separated from the blood on which they depend for nutriment, shrivel up, and the mummified shaft acquires the consistence of ordinary hair. Such a hair is not hollow, as generally believed, but is composed of an outer covering of scale-like cells within, inwards are packed others of another shape, and in and among these latter are the pigment granules which give the hair its tint. When a hair becomes grey it is owing to a defect in the formation of these granules; and while this defect points to diminished vitality at the root, it still necessitates the existence of *some* vitality, otherwise not even a grey hair would be formed. Hence, grey hair, popularly speaking, is not dead. The silvery sheen of white hair is due to the presence of air-cavities in its substance, and ordinary greyness is often referred to the same cause.

713. In what Trade are the Most Workmen Employed?

There is no question that the building trade, with its great variety of branches and enormous scope, employs a larger number of hands than any other. The brickmaker and the quarryman are as much dependent upon the building trade as the carpenter, painter, and decorator, and in the different stages of building, workmen skilled in an enormous number of different trades have their services called into requisition. It has been computed by competent authorities that no less than one-seventh of the total population of these islands is directly dependent upon the building trade for daily bread.

714. Which is the Largest Leaf that Grows Naturally in this Country?

Though not a native of this country, the *Victoria Regia* grows in our climate, and though the conditions are not such as to enable it to reach its full development, this leaf attains even here a diameter of six or seven feet. In the Amazon Valley, of which it is a native, specimens measuring from twelve to fourteen feet in diameter, and capable of supporting a large dog, are often met with. The largest leaf native to our soil, is that of the *Cow Parsnip*, which is frequently two feet in length and over a foot broad. Cow Parsnip grows almost all over Europe in moist soils, and is much appreciated by rabbits, cows, sheep, and goats.

715. What is the Earliest Age at which a Child has been known to Talk?

It is a little hard to say when a child begins to talk, as its first articulation of words can hardly be called talking, and after this the increase in its conversational powers is so very gradual, that it is almost impossible to state exactly when babbling ends and talking begins. A bright child will express all its wants at the age of two; and cases have been known when children of not more than a year old have been able to converse quite intelligibly. As a general rule, it will be found in a family that the youngest of several children who have followed one another into the world very closely, is the one that develops the faculty of intelligible speech most rapidly; and this is easily understood when it is considered that such a child is helped, not only by the tuition of its parents or nurses, but also by the example of those just older than itself who are themselves still learning to talk when it begins.

716. Does a Man's Voice Sound the Same to Him as to Other People?

No. A man does not know the sound of his own voice, and does not recognise it, however distinctly it may be reproduced by the phonograph. For one thing, it sounds more voluminous to him than to others, from the resonance of his own skull, just as some deaf people can hear an instrument placed upon the head. But its quality also appears to him different. It is by quality that we distinguish between the sound of a fiddle and the sound of a piano, and quality depends on which of the overtones that accompany a fundamental note are emphatic. The quality of a voice depends on the overtones to which the throat and mouth respond. The difference in quality between a man's own voice as it sounds to himself, and the same voice as it sounds to others, is caused by the bones and cavities of his skull emphasising in his own hearing overtones that are not emphasised in the hearing of others.

717. What was the Largest Majority on Record in the House of Commons?

There seems to be no method of getting at this other than the one of searching through the whole of the records of divisions in the House, a job that would occupy many weeks of continuous work. We expected that some one of the people who find a peculiar joy in getting at these peculiar statistics had ascertained the information before now, and that some competitor would be able to quote him. No one has, however, answered the question; and our prolonged research in our reference library fails to show that any compiler has attacked the question. It must, therefore, we regret to say, remain unanswered.

718. Do any Animals have a First and Second Set of Teeth?

Many fishes, reptiles, etc., have a constant succession of teeth, so that, as one is worn out, a fresh one takes its place; but only mammals—*i.e.*, animals which suckle their young—have two distinct sets: a first, or milk, set, and a second, or permanent set. Mammals are not, however, universally blessed with the two sets, although the more highly-developed genera, such as monkeys, carnivora (lions, bears, seals, etc.), and ungulates (horses, oxen, antelopes, etc.), agree with man in possessing them. In marsupials, only one tooth on each side of the jaw is replaced by another. One armadillo alone of the edentates has a milk set; guinea-pigs shed their first set before birth, and dolphins, porpoises, etc., never have milk-teeth at all.

720. Is it Possible to Grow Mistletoe upon its Own Root as an Independent Plant?

Paley, in his NATURAL THEOLOGY, says:—"Of no other plant can it be said that the roots refuse to shoot in the ground." This is not quite correct, for the celebrated Du Hamel, arguing that the seeds of the mistletoe, like the seeds of other plants, would germinate anywhere, provided they had a suitable degree of humidity, made them sprout not only on the barks of different kinds of living trees, but on dead branches, on the ground, bricks, tiles, stones, etc. But though they germinated in such situations they did not live any time except on the bark of living trees. This is because mistletoe is incapable of forming an independent root. Its seed may be made to send out the beginnings of a root, a radicle, as it is called, as most seeds do, but this radicle behaves very differently from that of an ordinary plant. It has acquired new powers, but is not capable of growing into a true root in the soil. Only on the branches of living trees can it develop—and its chance of being thus provided for is pretty good, for mistletoe seeds are so sticky that they are easily carried about in the plumage of birds, whence they may be left in the bark of the trees on which the birds alight. The radicles of most seeds have a tendency to grow down towards the centre of the earth (whether you plant the seed upside down or not), but that of the mistletoe has the power of growing towards the centre of the branch on which it is sprouting, whether it be on the side or top of the branch or below it. It passes in through the bark and does not stop till it reaches the wood, the part up which the sap from the root passes so that it may take from the tree the moisture which its lack of roots prevents it from taking from the soil. This is all that the parasite takes from its host, as its own green leaves and stem can take in food from the air. In the extreme south-west of Australia, at King George's Sound, occurs an exception to the almost universal rule in the vegetable kingdom, that truly parasitical genera are incapable of growing in the earth. A terrestrial species of the mistletoe is found, forming a small tree fifteen feet high.

"Fair plant, a mystery thy birth,
Thou dost not fix thy home on earth;
Rock'd by the winds, fed by the shower,
Thy cradle is an airy bower."

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

741. What woman has most influenced the history of this country?

742. Does any animal grow smaller after its birth?

743. What European monarchs have the largest and smallest incomes?

744. Which voice wears best, soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, or bass?

745. If a member of the Royal Family committed a capital offence, could he or she be hanged?

746. How is it that rain falls sometimes in large drops, sometimes as a mere drizzle?

747. What is the value of the bank-notes of all denominations in circulation in the United Kingdom?

748. Is any animal as widely distributed over the earth as man?

749. What percentage of light passes through ordinary window-glass?

750. What is the total mileage run daily by the railways of this country?

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AN IRREPRESSIBLE BOY.

He worried the cat,
He played rat-tat-tat
On the window-panes fully an hour by the clock,
He tried roller skates
Where dishes and plates
In jeopardy lay, till some fell with a shock.

With an Indian yell
On the doll's house he fell,
And added that poor dolly's scalp to his belt;
And then knocked off its toes
And its fair Grecian nose—
Which same was of wax—he proceeded to melt.

Two tubs he upset
Without one regret;
He stood on his head till his face got quite blue;
A curtain he tore
And then sighed for more
Inventively mischievous things he might do.

He hid granny's "specs,"
But that didn't vex;
Her face brightened up with his fun and his noise,
"One sweet kiss repaid
For all," so she said,
Resignedly adding that "boys will be boys!"

But strangest of all,
At night's quiet fall,
How meekly, how placidly, this rogue would say:
"Good-night, mamma dear!
Good-night, papa dear!
I've tried hard to be such a good boy to-day."

VAGARIES OF VERDICTS.

The vagaries of jurymen are proverbial, and have been adverted to over and over again; but the juryman of to-day is merely a reproduction of the "good man and true" of an earlier period. Here are three cases from the year 1827.

Three men, named Palmer, Beard, and Chatham, were indicted for the manslaughter of one John Barker, at Ludlow. The case was proved up to the hilt, the men having attacked the deceased and knocked him off his chair, inflicting mortal injuries. The jury, however, returned a verdict of not guilty, on the ground that Barker might have fallen from his chair—a decision which elicited the remark from Justice Littledale, "Well, gentlemen, it is your verdict and not mine."

At the Welsh assizes, a man was indicted for horse-stealing—a crime then punishable by death. There was no possibility of acquitting the prisoner in the face of the conclusive evidence, so the jury, having a horror of hanging, found him guilty of goat-stealing—an offence with which he was not charged.

But the most absurd verdict was in a case of treason, where the twelve wise men found the prisoner "guilty of getting out of the window"—a step which he had taken to escape apprehension. The incident was dished up at the beginning of the century in a satirical work, which criticised the law and legislators most mercilessly.

THE STORY OF MARY LEE.

On the great plains of Kansas, seventy miles due north of Sheridan, there is a lonely grave on the crest of a sterile mound. It may be that no one could find the spot to-day, for the storms of summer and winter wash great ravines in the earth and level even the hilltops after a time. But I saw the grave twenty years ago, and at its head stood a board, on which was painted: "Here lies Mary Emma Lee, who was killed by Indians on this spot, after a heroic defence, in July, 1867."

This is her story: There were five or six families of emigrants journeying across the lonely plains, when they were beset by hostile Indians. Mary Lee was a girl only eighteen years old. The family consisted of father, mother, two sisters, and a brother. The attack was made very suddenly, and Mary, who was riding her own horse, was cut off from the band.

When she realised this, she turned and rode away, and was pursued by seven Indians. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. Her horse carried her thirty-six miles before he became exhausted, and when he fell she made her way to the crest of a mound and there scooped out a shallow rifle-pit, piled stones up round it, and prepared to die fighting.

The Indians were three miles behind her when her horse gave out. She had a light Winchester repeating rifle, which was fully loaded, but no extra cartridges. Her first shot killed an Indian, and her second crippled another for life. The other five dared not charge her position. On the second day she killed another Indian, and the other four posted themselves in positions, and waited for hunger and thirst to conquer her. On the third day they were joined by twenty of their band, but the girl was not attacked. On this day an Indian, who was creeping up to spy upon her, was shot through the right lung, and the others contented themselves by a dropping fire at long ranges to harass her.

On the fourth day not a shot was fired. The weather was terribly hot, and the sun glared down on that mound until the grass withered and shrivelled, and seemed about to flame up. On the fifth day, an hour after noon, the girl shot herself through the head, and was dead before anyone reached her.

I afterwards talked with one of the warriors who was there, and he told me that she had been almost roasted alive by that fierce sun. She had neither food nor drink, and was little better than a skeleton. The Indians simply stood about and looked down upon her. She had a wealth of golden hair, but they did not scalp her. She had rings on her fingers, but they left them there. They did not even take her rifle nor the saddle from her dead horse.

"White squaw heap brave—fight hard—no scalp!"

That was her eulogy. Two or three years later her scattered bones were collected and buried by a surveying party, and to-day her dust mingles with the sterile soil fifty miles from the nearest dwelling of one of her race. Bronzed and bearded Indian fighters, reckless and desperate cow-boys, stern-faced and taciturn pioneers, have whispered the name of Mary Lee round the evening camp fire a thousand times since her death, but ever and always with gentle tongue and a swelling of the heart. She was not only a woman, but she died game.

HAPPY COMPLIMENTS.

"Left-handed compliments," though they may be innocently intended, steep the soul of those who receive them in sadness and mortification. A certain editor says that he has recently been afflicted with more than his share.

"My husband has been threatening to stop your paper," said a lady to him, one day, "but I wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"I am delighted," said the gratified newspaper man.

"It's the best shape in the world for patterns," continued she. "And then it never tears. Now the Mercury is just as large, but very thin and flimsy."

Not long after, the same editor received a letter from a friend at a distance, beginning with the sentence, "I fully believe your paper has saved my life."

Who would not have read further in pleased anticipation? Yet this was what followed:

"Yesterday I took a long drive into the country. The morning was fine, but at noon a terrible east wind came up and began to chill me to the bone. Last spring, if you remember, I was ill with pneumonia, and my lungs have since been delicate. What could I do without wraps in my thin spring overcoat? I called at a farmhouse, and asked for an old newspaper. One was given me bearing the familiar imprint of your office. I laid it across my chest, buttoned my coat over it, and drove on triumphantly."

A CURIOUS FORM OF WORSHIP.

One of the most singular customs among the ancient Egyptians was the worship of animals. In the light of modern days their devotion to these sacred animals displays many absurdities. It was considered a capital crime to kill any of them voluntarily, the offender being duly tried and immediately executed. If an ibis or hawk was accidently killed the unfortunate cause of its death was very often put to death by the people without the formality of a trial. Should it so happen that a man found the carcase of either of these birds he would fall upon his knees at its side and loudly cry out that he had found it dead.

Cats were looked upon as sacred, and at the death of a tabby every male inmate of its owner's house cut off his eyebrows. When a dog was buried each man shaved his head.

They carried their hawks, cats, and dogs in all war expeditions, and those that died were salted and prepared for burial at their homes with as much care as would be taken with a human being.

In addition to these animals and birds there were sacred bulls, crocodiles, and beetles, the latter being especially revered on account of being considered a type of the sun. These curious people also entertained peculiar notions regarding its mode of reproduction, in which they traced analogies to the movements of the other heavenly bodies. One species was dedicated to the sun, another to the moon, and a third to Throth or Hermes.

Many plants were also looked upon as sacred, the principal, as is well known, being the lotus. In this flower the Egyptians found an allusion to the rising of the sun from the ocean, from the fact that its blossoms are thrown about the surface of the water.

Peach trees were sacred to the great Harpocrates, the god of silence—a deity supposed to be the same as Horus, the son of Isis. Leeks and onions, the acacia and the heliotrope, were worshipped and consecrated to the sun, and the laurel was considered the noblest of all plants.

In the event of Competitions considered the best sent in for any of our prizes reaching us in duplicate, the prize will be awarded to the first to hand.

THE SON OF HEAVEN'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Among all the kings of the earth, none, perhaps, pass more uneasy days than the Emperor of China. At the best of times his hours are so carefully mapped out by masters of ceremonies that he has little leisure; but at no period of the year are these obsequious officials so exacting, or the duties they impose so irksome, as on New Year's Day.

In accordance with the system of Chinese chronology, the origin of which has long been lost, the year begins with the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius. This causes New Year's Day to fall any time between the 21st January and the 19th February. At such dates the thermometer at Pekin stands at or below zero, rivers and streams are frozen up, and the ground is frequently covered to a considerable depth with snow. Therefore the Emperor might fairly be excused if he confined his public appearances to the few hours of sunshine which may be looked for in the middle of the day.

But, by a survival that speaks of a more genial climate, the Board of Rites decrees that he should leave the palace at four o'clock on New Year's morning—that is, more than four hours before sunrise. Escorted by a numerous retinue of princes, mandarins, bowmen, and musicians, he is in that hour borne in his sedan-chair out of the Meridian Gate of the Palace to the Feng-sien Hall, where stand the tablets of his imperial ancestors. Before these he offers incense, and, with many protestations, calls down a blessing on those they represent, and implores their blessing in return.

Having thus performed his duty to the dead, he proceeds to pay his respects to any living relation who may be entitled to his reverence. In the case of the present Emperor a visit to the Tsze-ming Palace, the residence of the Dowager-Empress, is compulsory; and, at the feet of that august lady, he, before whom everyone else in China kneels, prostrates himself.

He then receives the obeisances and congratulations of the Empire as represented by the officials of the Court and capital. For this purpose he repairs at eight o'clock to the Hall of Central Harmony, where he accepts the homage of his immediate courtiers; and then goes on to the Hall of Great Harmony to receive the congratulations of the Mongolian Princes, Korean Envoys, and the host of officials who people Pekin.

The scene in this gloomy hall, in the struggling dawn of a winter's morning, must be dreary beyond expression. On a high throne, on a raised platform at the end of the hall, the Emperor sits, facing southwards, surrounded by his suite. In the body of the hall stand, in eighteen double rows, the officers who come to bow themselves before their Sovereign. Nearest to the platform stand the princes of the blood, the highest Manchu officials, the five orders of Chinese nobility, and behind them the mandarins of the nine grades. In every case the officers of rival rank stand on the east side of the hall, and the military officers on the west side.

At regular intervals stones are fixed in the pavement to mark every man's station; and woe betide the Court marshals if, through inadvertence or negligence, there should be any departure from the prescribed order. At a sign from the Emperor the master of ceremonies gives a word of command in Manchu, upon which the whole assembly falls down before the throne and kotows nine times as a token of subjection and adoration.

This ceremony has to be briskly performed, for at nine o'clock the Emperor is due at the Imperial Taouist Temple, at the three gates of which is inscribed, in Chinese, Mongolian, Manchu, Calmuck, Turkish, and Tibetan, the order commanding equestrians of all ranks to dismount and lead their horses by. Though by profession a Confuscian, the Emperor so far yields to the faith which credits the Taouist deities with sovereignty over the powers of Nature as to make worship at this temple one of the most sacred ceremonies of the New Year's Day. There he prays to the God of Nature for seasonable rains and a fruitful harvest.

Another religious service an hour later, at the Show Hwang Hall, brings his morning's duties to a close; and, as by this time he has been on the move for about seven hours, we can imagine that he is not much inclined to listen at any length to the prognostications of the Board of Astronomers—even though they may foresee, in the fact of the wind having been in the south-east at early dawn, the promise of a long rain and a prosperous year, or the prospect of a good mulberry season in the green-tinted halo that surrounded Jupiter on the preceding night.

After a brief period of rest, the social duties begin, which last till eventide. Princes and members of the Imperial family come to pay their respects, to be entertained at feasts, and to return thanks for the gifts conferred upon them by their sovereign.

In the provinces, the mandarins, being far distant from the Imperial presence, do their best by worshipping the throne on which the Emperor would sit if he were present.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

SUPPING with the ordinary form of spoon has always been found inconvenient, because of the necessity of using the side of the spoon. To get over this difficulty an inventor has designed a spoon in which the bowl is placed at an angle to the handle, so that the point is situated at the side and is presented to the mouth of the user.

PERSONS who suffer with their feet may be glad to hear of a boot which has recently been invented. The object of this invention is to produce a boot which will be well ventilated, and keep the feet cool; and to effect this, a thin metal tube is placed in the sole of the boot, passing round the heel and opening over the heel of the wearer. On the other end of the tube is a plate with some small holes, connecting the tube with the inside of the boot. Thus the heated air will pass from the sole of the foot through the tube, and escape at the upper part of the boot.

A VERY simple and convenient method of cutting vegetables for household purposes has been protected by Messrs. Smith & Claydon, of 160, High [illegible] of a plate [illegible] radial slots, [illegible] edge. The [illegible] placed on a [illegible] the side [illegible] being a [illegible] plate a thin [illegible] revolution. A thin plate, with an adjustable screw at the lower part of the slot, regulates the thickness of the slices.

A NEW teapot has been invented by Mr. Wilson, of Paul Street, Finsbury, the object being to prepare an infusion of tea without any possibility of developing tannic acid, so injurious to digestion. This teapot is formed with an inner cylinder provided with a [illegible] metal container capable of rising and falling [illegible] cylinder through the agency of a [illegible] The tea-leaves [illegible] the bottom of the [illegible] When [illegible] raised [illegible] the [illegible] is about [illegible]

BARON SIR F. V[illegible] HOSPITAL, has introduced [illegible] Eucalyptus bra[illegible] the placing [illegible] applicable to all infect[illegible] Their use in this [illegible] with phthi[illegible] both antiseptically and as a sedative, or [illegible] The experience of another [illegible] a trial of twelve months, is stated to [illegible] in scarlet fever the bedding is thus [illegible], the volatile vapour penetrating the [illegible] as well as every other article, so that no other [illegible]ection is required for the room, as the vapour destroys every germ. The remedy certainly has the great merit of simplicity.

ALTHOUGH many people know the invention of the electric clock is by no means of recent date, it is not generally known that Mr. James Smith, of Leeds, conceived the idea that a clock might be made to go with the aid of electricity as sole motor, so far back as 1830, and in 1840 he succeeded in accomplishing his object. Mr. Smith lived to see his first clock going for exactly fifty years, which period comprised the whole term of his engagement with a Leeds optician, at whose workshop the clock may now be seen in complete going order. The clock had, however, one very serious defect. The current of electricity by which it is driven varies according to the circumstances of situation and season. Hence arose the necessity for occasional adjustments of the pendulum. It fell to the inventor's son, Mr. Edward Smith, to overcome that difficulty by inventing an automatic regulator, which shuts off any excessive activity, and maintains a uniform movement from year to year. Mr. Smith can now construct a clock which can be guaranteed not to vary more than one minute in twelve months. The motor of the clock is derived from what Mr. Smith calls natural electricity, that is to say, there is no apparatus of any kind required to produce the current, by which is meant that no cells or batteries are used. There is, of course, no spring or weight attachment to the electric clock; it has only three wheels, all told, and instead of the wheels driving the pendulum the latter drives the wheels. The action of the clock is thus apparently very simple. A neat brass cylinder encompasses the lower end of the pendulum, containing a coil of copper wire over two miles in length. This cylinder, moving with the pendulum, glides backward and forward over a magnetic bar.

AN idea for utilising ordinary table lamps for heating purposes has recently been patented which will probably be found very useful. The vessel to be heated has a chimney running through its centre, which allows the heated gases to pass, while the liquid to be heated surrounds it. The bottom of the vessel is provided with a rim which enables it to be fitted on to the lamp.

AN automatic catch for cupboard-doors is being produced by Messrs. May & Padmore, Leopold Street, Birmingham. This ingenious contrivance has no spring, and consists of a small piece of metal having three hollow sides pivoted to a base plate. This part is fixed to the shelf, and a projecting part fixed upon the door engages with it automatically when the door is thrown to. This little invention obviates the expense of brass bolts.

IT is said that a clever invention for tuning kettle drums has just been patented by Herr Wunderlich, of Altenburg, which will probably be introduced into most orchestras. It consists of a stand somewhat resembling an ordinary music-stool with, however, two tops, the one fixed and the other rising with a screw. The tuning-ring of the drum is attached by means of iron rods to this rising top, and by simply turning the drum, the raising or lowering of the movable top by the action of the screw diminishes or increases the tension of the drum-head.

ONE of the latest inventions in medicine is the use of cold greenhouses in tropical countries as a means of combating yellow fever. This disease can be conquered if one removes to those elevated regions in which oaks will grow. This fact recently inspired a celebrated Cuban physician with the idea of reducing the temperature of sick rooms by artificial means, and wonderful cures resulted. Now it is proposed that in districts liable to the epidemic each town shall erect a great glass house, in which plants of cold and temperate regions may be grown, the temperature being artificially cooled instead of heated, as in our greenhouses, and that they shall be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the fever.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. B[illegible], the Editor of THE TIMES, is younger than most of the men on his staff.

SINCE the Tranby Croft trial the Prince of Wales has not played a single game of baccarat.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, the historian, is short, but stout and robust, with a well-fed, roast-beef-eating appearance; he wears a long white patriarchal beard, which is his especial pride.

A GOOD story, which shows what a bright sense of humour is inherent in the future Duchess of Clarence's family, comes from Richmond. At a meeting connected with charitable objects, and attended by both Princess Mary of Teck and her daughter, a speaker got up, and in the course of a short speech fervently explained that he hoped "Princess May" would follow in the grand lines of her mother. Both ladies burst into peals of laughter, in which those present, after a glance at their royal guest's generous proportions, could not help joining.

THE Prince of Monaco is considered, on the Continent, one of the leading scientific men of Europe. He spends most of his time in investigating the sea and all that dwell therein. His yacht is fitted up with a series of aquaria, and much of his time is spent in the Mediterranean Sea. The Prince is a studious-looking man of about thirty-seven years of age; he has been twice married. The Monte Carlo gambling tables bring him in a large income, but it is said that he is indisposed to renew the gambling concession when the Casino's present lease comes to an end.

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON, who hopes to see himself one day Emperor of the French, is a tall, stout young man with a Bonapartist cast of countenance and the dark eyes and skin of an Italian. He lives in Brussels, and has quite a collection of Napoleon I. relics, including the coffee-pot and cup which the Emperor used at St. Helena, quite a collection of his dispatches when a young general, and many of his love letters to the Empress Josephine. Above the writing-table where Prince Victor habitually sits, hangs a splendid portrait of his famous great-uncle, and in a glass-case are preserved a lock of the Emperor's hair, his riding-whip, and a pair of strong doeskin fur-lined gloves, worn by him during the retreat from Moscow. It is thought probable that the Empress Eugénie will leave part of her large fortune to the heir of the Bonapartists.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, the well-known illustrator, has never, or rarely ever, studied from life.

LORD BRASSEY has trained his son to have a thorough knowledge of boats and shipbuilding.

ELISE SAINT-OWEN is one of the most remarkable women in France. She travels about alone and at her own expense, to collect information on the life of women and the rearing of children in the regions she visits, for the French Geographical Society. Mdlle. Saint-Owen, is sixty-four years of age, and is now engaged in making the circle of the Southern Hemisphere. She travels with next to no luggage.

LORD WOLSELEY is rather proud of the nickname of "Our only General," for he has a high idea of his military mission. Lord and Lady Wolseley are now living in a delightful part of Dublin, in Kilmainham Hospital, the Chelsea of Ireland, where old soldiers past work find a comfortable home. Lord Wolseley works exceedingly hard, for beside his military duties he is generally engaged on some literary article for one or other of the magazines. He gets up at five o'clock, breakfasts at six, and takes a long walk every morning.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, the great painter, is a stalwart, handsome man of pompous manner, with curly hair and a flowing grey beard, and always wears a voluminous silk tie, loosely knotted, the ends flowing superbly over his shoulders. He is a profoundly ornate speaker, but his periods, like his paintings, smell too strongly of the lamp; and the art students, whom he addresses with immense suavity once a year, find him a bit of a bore; yet he has made much money and is an excellent man of business. His house is one of the glories of London. He is a bachelor.

THE Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is still quite a young-looking man. He is a Welshman, and is devoted to Carmarthen, his native place. The great Wesleyan preacher is editor of THE METHODIST TIMES, and would doubtless have made a good all-round journalist if his life had been so cast. Mr. Price Hughes has a prodigious store of energy. He conducts services in St. James's Hall, Prince's Hall, Wardour Hall, and Cleveland Hall. He considers that religion must be followed in business, pleasure, and politics, as well as in church and chapel. Hugh Price Hughes wears spectacles and stoops slightly.

HENRI ROCHEFORT is perhaps the leading French journalist. Banished from his native country on account of [illegible] proclivities, M. Roche[illegible]on, and editing his [illegible] by correspondence, [illegible] as his leaders are [illegible] practically be done [illegible] is a striking-look[illegible] piercing black eyes [illegible] and through. Although a [illegible] by birth, he has abandoned the title and calls himself a red-hot Socialist. He is a faithful attendant of theatrical first nights, and can speak a little broken English.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has been the recipient of many valuable presents at various times, one of these being a ring bestowed on her in Russia, with a sapphire eye in which a diamond tear is made to glisten most naturally. But perhaps the gift round which the greatest amount of curiosity is centred is that of an unknown admirer, who, after having heard her sing "The Last Rose of Summer," introduced in Flotow's opera of "Martha," rang the bell at her house at one o'clock in the morning, and on the door being opened he threw in a little box, and ran away before any question could be asked. The box contained an exquisitely cut rose in gems, and bearing the inscription, "The Last Rose."

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, the author of that popular poem THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE, lives at Hastings, in a pretty house in the upper part of the old fishing town. He is now an old, venerable man with snow-white hair, and may be met most days walking with one of his daughters along the lanes which stretch away to the country behind his house. When a young man, Coventry Patmore, was one of the assistant librarians at the British Museum. Mr. Patmore has been married three times. His youngest child, a fine-looking little lad of ten, rejoices in the name of Epiphanius (Pithy for short), having been given the appellation because he was born on the second Sunday after Christmas, the feast of the Epiphany.

THE great work of Sir Theodore Martin's life was his nine-volume biography of Prince Albert. The Queen, who thought highly of his literary capacity, asked him to undertake the task. Sir, then Mr., Theodore Martin is said to have assented on condition that he should have a free hand. All letters, diaries, and private memorials were handed over to him to sort and put in order. During the years that he was engaged in the work, Sir Theodore spent many hours with the Queen, and every chapter was sent to her in proof. The Prince Consort's biographer is now a courtly old gentleman, much in favour with the Royal Family. Lady Martin, once well known as the beautiful Shakespearian actress, Miss Helen Faucit, helps her husband in his literary labours, and is also a frequent guest at Windsor and Osborne.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XVIII.

MRS. LYNN LINTON AND LITERARY WORK.

Mrs. Lynn Linton is one of the greatest literary workers of our own time. The magazines and reviews speak eloquently of her industry, and as an essayist she takes a higher place than any other woman writer. For, whether we agree with her arguments or not, we cannot help admiring the intellectual vigour and literary skill which invariably mark her essays. Her famous studies on The Girl of the Period raised a whirlwind of comment. But Mrs. Lynn Linton has never deserted the position she then took up. She does not object to women earning their livelihood in fields that not many years ago were solely occupied by men, but she considers that *some* of the girls of the period have lost the love of simplicity, and now discuss subjects and read books which in other days would never have been allowed to come within their range of vision.

Mrs. Lynn Linton is constantly described as a cynic, but there is no trace of cynicism in the keen blue eyes which seem to smile a welcome through the gold-rimmed spectacles which she generally wears, and scarcely a day passes by without her rooms resounding with peals of girlish laughter, for she has drawn round her a circle of light-hearted and merry girls—"My girls," she calls them, as she speaks of their cheery visits with a new light in her eyes. On her study table there always lie heaps of manuscripts sent by budding authors who seek her advice, and, as the writer of this article can testify, Mrs. Lynn Linton always reads them with care and returns them with a kindly note full of friendly criticism and advice.

The English Georges Sand has made her home on one of the upper storeys of the huge block of buildings situated in Westminster and known as Queen Anne's Mansions. In the little ante-chamber is a great bust of the young Antinous crowned with grapes and vine-leaves, which Miss Eliza Lynn purchased some forty-five years ago with the proceeds of her first article for The Miscellany, then edited by Harrison Ainsworth. Water-colours, Venetian brass plates, and Staffordshire beer jugs all help to decorate the waiting room.

The distinctive features of her sitting-room are the [illegible], the rules, and the dictionaries. From her [illegible] St. James's Park, farther a-field the tall minarets of the Alhambra glitter in the morning sun, and a long line of blue mist marks the spot where on a fine day one might expect to see the Northern heights. The sounds of martial music come up from the parade of Wellington Barracks on the left, and the musical chimes which ring out each quarter remind the visitor that he is within a stone's throw of Big Ben. Mrs. Lynn Linton works at a walnut-wood writing-table turned conveniently from the door, and a cut-glass inkstand in use for half a century reposes in a tray of Sicilian ware.

An Indian carpet, bound on either side by a Persian rug, is spread over the floor. A copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Cherubs" has been converted into a fire-screen. Mrs. Lynn Linton worked with her own hands the strips of embroidery which cover some of the low chairs. She also designed the walnut-wood over-mantle with its blue and white tiles and quaint red-glass bosses. Your hostess has travelled in many lands, and from her pilgrimages in search of the picturesque, she has brought back Italian rosaries, Tunisian plates, and a French clock, over which leans a veiled figure of Polyhymnia, the inventress of harmony. A Russian artist has painted for her a glowing picture of Palermo, and above the bookcase is a portrait of Alexander Knox.

Ever since she purchased The Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities with some of her early earnings, Mrs. Lynn Linton has constantly added to her library, which now seems to fill every nook and cranny of her room.

"I infinitely prefer a flat to a house," says Mrs. Lynn Linton, as she sits opposite you in the cosy chimney corner. "You are well out of the way of burglars and sneaks, possess a splendid view, and enjoy a maximum of luxury at a minimum of cost."

"And when did you begin writing, Mrs. Linton?"

"Well, I made up my mind to be an authoress when I was quite a little girl, and my first attempt in that direction was achieved at the age of ten, when a much-loved brother's participation in the Polish rising of 1832 inspired a drama called Edith of Poland. It was after this that I formed the hope of becoming a really literary woman."

"And when did you publish your first book?"

"I was three-and-twenty when I brought out my first story, Azeth: the Egyptian. I had written a great deal before that time, but not for publication."

Mrs. Lynn Linton was born in the little village of Crosthwaite, sixty-eight years ago. Her mother, a daughter of Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, died when she was only five months old, and her father, a Church of England clergyman of the old school, allowed his twelve motherless children to form themselves into a small republic, in which the elder ruled the younger—a system of government from which the little Eliza naturally suffered most. A pathetic description of the author's lonely and sad childhood is to be found in The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland, which may, indeed, be said to present a complete picture of Mrs. Lynn Linton's life, the only difference existing in the thin disguise afforded by a change in the sex of the principal figure in the book.

However, the kind of life led by Eliza Lynn was not without its compensation. The windows of her father's rectory looked out on Derwentwater and the crests and slopes of Skiddaw. Mrs. Lynn Linton's first intellectual memories are connected with the black thunder-clouds hanging over Wallacrag, the rain falling in sheets, and the most glorious of sunsets. The little Lynns flourished exceedingly on oatmeal porridge and other farinaceous foods. They took their pleasure after the manner of the Vicar of Wakefield's family, and heartily enjoyed the innocent amusement afforded by picnics, round games, and tea parties. Among her earliest memories, Mrs. Lynn Linton recalls the poet Robert Southey, with his eagle's beak, small retreating chin, spare frame, and eyes full of fire.

The little child took long solitary rambles in which Nature was her teacher and the wild flowers her lessons, for, strange as it may seem to say such a thing of a woman who has since shown such culture and profound learning, Mrs. Lynn Linton received no education as we understand the word. She never went to school, and no one ever took the trouble to teach her more than to read and write.

After living at Keswick for some years the Lynn family moved to Gadshill, the beautiful house which Charles Dickens afterwards made famous. Five years later, when Eliza Lynn was about fifteen years of age, her father resumed his clerical duties at Caldbeck, a little village situated in the most rugged and lonely portion of the fen district.

It was from her own unaided researches and solitary rambles through bookland that the young girl laid the foundation of the deep and varied knowledge which reveals itself in all her literary work; she read literally every book she could find, and taught herself, unaided, German, French, Latin, and Italian.

It was not till she was twenty-three years of age that Miss Lynn, fulfilling the great desire of her life, came to London, and lived in a boarding-house close to the British Museum, in the reading-room of which building she spent many happy hours studying and reading. After a year passed in acquiring a considerable knowledge of antiquarian lore, she wrote a book, dealing with ancient Egypt; which, forgotten [illegible] its day attted much attention. Her next [illegible] was made a cognate field.

Having a considerable knowledge of Gre[illegible] ture, and fired with a desire to [illegible] Greece again, she wrote Amymone, a book which received the highest commendation from the critics, and inspired Walter Savage Landor to write one of his most exquisite sonnets to the authoress, inscribed "To Eliza Lynn on Her Amymone," which, after praising the noble women of other days, concludes with the following fine lines:

"Other voices since
Have made their voices sound through manly tones
And overpower them. In our days so sweet,
So potent, so diversified, is none
As thine, Protectress of Aspasia's fame
Thine, golden shield of matchless Pericles,
Pure heart and lofty soul, Eliza Lynn."

Any writer might justly have been proud of those verses, and there is no earthly possession Mrs. Lynn Linton prizes so much as a gold Cinquecento basket given to her by Walter Savage Landor. Mrs. Linton has a drawer filled with her literary father's letters beginning "My dear Daughter," and she possesses the first edition of his Imaginary Conversation annotated with his own hand. After Amymone came a long spell of Press work, for the distinguished novelist may also claim to be the first lady journalist. At the age of twenty-five she wrote three leaders a week for The Morning Chronicle, and suggested the "Remarkable Women" Series in The Saturday Review. Just before she wrote her first story of modern life she married Mr. Linton, the distinguished art-engraver and writer, and a man of great intellectual strength. Six years after, for reasons which do not concern the public, but which were deemed sufficient by husband and wife, Mr. Linton went and settled in America.

Mrs. Lynn Linton has lived for something like fifty years among celebrities of all times, many of whom are now almost forgotten. Captain Maconochie, the convict's friend; Sir Charles Babbage; Mrs. Skinner, the prototype of Mrs. Leo Hunter of Dickens; Agnes Strickland, whose Lives of the Queens of England made her a celebrated literary lady in her day; Harrison Ainsworth; John Chapman, George Henry Lewes, and, last though not least, Miss Marian Evans long before she became the authoress of Adam Bede.

During her career, she has written some twenty three-volume novels, all of which bear the impress of remarkable independence of character, stirring talent, and great originality of idea. The writer of Joshua Davidson has never striven for popularity, and has paid the penalty of boldly putting forward opinions in the justice of which she believes without caring for the consequences.

In business matters she is punctuality itself. Her copy is always ready; and Dickens described her on his list of contributors, when he gave up the editorship of All the Year Round as "Good for anything, and thoroughly reliable."

She gets through most of her literary work early in the day, takes plenty of exercise, and possesses more energy and a better physique than the majority of her sex.

She is a warm and firm friend, and has a profound contempt both for the conspiracy of silence, from which she has more than once suffered, and the personal opposition which her strong opinions on certain subjects has often called forth.

"I love all the young and feeble and those who stand in need of help." This sentence once uttered by her, gives the key to a side of her nature little suspected by those who only know her as the inventor of the phrases, "The girl of the period," the "Shrieking sisterhood," and "Wild women."

And the many who have cause to thank her for boundless kindness of every description ungrudgingly and generously given, should rise up and testify that beneath the caustic pen and virile spirit there beats a true and womanly heart to which no appeal is ever made in vain.

Now is the time when the small boy of the family is caught poaching on his mother's preserves.

The Professor: "It's an Arabic manuscript more than a thousand years old! You don't seem to be excited about it!"

The Cynic: "Why, I have plenty of tailors' bills nearly as old as that."

"Hello, Fitzy! where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No, it was her other lover."

The Paris Gaulois has been giving a collection of famous epitaphs. One on a noted miser may be roughly Englished as follows:—

Beneath this marble, laughing in his sleeve,
Lies Jonas Fox, most miserly of Foxes,
Who died expressly upon Christmas Eve,
To save the cost of giving Christmas boxes.

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Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling as an ordinary passenger. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, must be upon the person of the [illegible] at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the* OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, *Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by* PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This copy is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Monday Dec. 28th, and covers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on Monday, January 4th. Our offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

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I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to Jan. 26th, 1892., and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions mentioned above.

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Available until midnight, January 4th, 1892.

FLY-LEAF INSCRIPTIONS ON BOOKS.

WHOE'ER this book, if lost, doth find,
I hope will have a generous mind,
And bring it to the owner—me,
Whose name they'll see page fifty-three.

The curious warning subjoined—paradoxical in view of the improbability of any *honest* friend pilfering—has descended to our times from the days of black-letter printing:

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows be your end;
For if you do, the Lord will say,
Where is the book you stole away?

The two following admonitions are full of salutary advice to book-borrowers:

Neither blemish this book nor the leaves double down,
Nor lend it to each idle friend in the town;
Return it when read—or, at least, please supply
Another as good to the mind and the eye.
With right and with reason you need but be friends,
And each book in my study your pleasure attends.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

WHALES AT PLAY.

THE observations of Captain Basil Hall show that these huge animals have their sports as well as do lighter and nimbler species. He describes whales fifty or sixty feet in length as leaping out of the water for the fun of the thing.

"So complete was this enormous feat that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads! During his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or a salmon shoots out of the water; but he fell back again on the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare in astonishment, and the boldest hold his breath for a time.

"Total demolition, indeed, must have been [illegible] of our party had the whale taken his leap one m[illegible] sooner, for he would then have fallen plump on [illegible] boat. The waves caused by the concussion spread ove[illegible] half the anchorage; if the ship herself had blown u[illegible] the e[illegible]

Ca[illegible] of the highe[illegible] the fact. The re[illegible] pleasure in being able [illegible] attitudes [illegible] are not infrequent. While engaged in the northern whale fishery, I witnessed many similar exploits of whales of forty or fifty feet in length, forgetting their usual gravity, and making these odd exhibitions of their whole form from head to tail. Certainly I have several times seen whales leap so high out of the water as to be completely in air."

Darwin, in his JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES, remarks: [illegible] a day off the east coast of Tierra del Fuego, we [illegible] a grand sight in several spermaceti whales jump[illegible]ng quite upright out of the water, with the exception of their tail-fins. As they fell down sideways, they splashed the water high up, and the sound reverberated like a distant broadside."

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the Proprietors of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

*Signed*_____

Available till midnight, January 4th, 1892.

HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOLS.

HOUSEKEEPING schools are to be found in every town, city, and district of the German Empire. While German boys are being taught Greek, Latin, mathematics, and military exercises, the girls almost everywhere are learning how to be good, careful, saving, industrious wives and mothers.

It is astonishing how carefully, cleanly, tirelessly, happily, they work, singing all the time some lullaby song of Schiller or other national poet. Order is a German housewife's first law. The scholars go to these schools, not as to a task, but as to a playground, with zest and interest.

The instruction is both practical and theoretical, and deals not only with cooking in all its branches, but the nutritious qualities of various foods, the care of the sick, nursing and caring for children, household arithmetic, written and mental, sewing by hand and machine, ironing, mending, knitting, dressmaking, and all the processes of dairying and vegetable gardening.

Girls are not admitted to these schools till they are sixteen, when their ordinary education is supposed to be completed. There are two courses, one in summer and one in winter. The summer course begins May 1st, and continues until harvest time. The winter term begins in November and continues until Easter, with two weeks' vacation at Christmas and New Year.

Most of the girls are boarding pupils, and pay one mark—about a shilling—a day for board. They follow a rigid routine, rising on work-days at half-past five and on Sundays and holidays at six o'clock. As soon as they are dressed they attend morning prayer, each according to their own faith.

Then they make their own beds—in the art of doing which they are carefully instructed—and prepare their breakfasts. For the rest of the day work goes on very much as in a private household.

The schools are divided into classes according to proficiency. Certain hours are set apart to lessons in nursing, culinary chemistry, and other branches of knowledge useful to a housewife. There is constant care to develop character and piety. Evening prayer and "going to bed" come at half-past nine.

The graduates of these schools do not need a dowry to help them along in the world. Anything more than a mere idea of the good done it is not in the power of a pen to give. I have seen young girls of from eighteen to twenty take charge of large households, superintending the buying, arranging, cooking, and serving of meals and a hundred household duties. These schools give training to all classes, and fit girls to fill almost any station in life, whether of wife or housekeeper, cook or general servant. They deserve a trial in this country.

[illegible]MP called his shoes "[illegible]orations," because they had no [illegible]

A MAN, much addicted to snoring, said that he slept like a top. A friend replied, "Yes, like a humming-top."

THERE is a man in Bedford who advertises himself as having saved sixty-three lives. As a matter of fact, he once carried out seven cats from a burning house. There is nothing like counting all the chances.

A MAN in a rural settlement in America, who had been an inveterate smoker for the past twenty years, suddenly and for ever gave up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of gunpowder.

JAWKINS: "How's Henpeck getting on since his marriage? He used to vow that no woman could ever get ahead of him."

Hagg: "Oh, he's still leading, I suppose; but she's behind—holding the reins."

PHILANTHROPIST: "What's the matter?"

Tramp: "Nervous prostration."

Philanthropist: "Impossible! That disease is caused by overwork or mental anxiety."

Tramp: "That's just it. I've had nothing but work offered me since I came to this town, and I'm anxious for fear I shall have to take it or leave."

A YANKEE has invented a labour-saving contrivance for mothers, being a self-rocking cradle, baby-spanker, and clothes-wringer in one. The baby-spanker works like a paddle-wheel, the loose paddles do the spanking. As many as five babies can be spanked at once. All you have to do is to drop the babies into the slot, and the machine does the rest.

FATHER: "Look here, Maria. The reports this boy of *yours*, Fritz, brings home from school are something disgraceful. I'll have to see to it." A month later.—"Maria, *our* boy, Fritz, is improving wonderfully at school, according to his reports." A month later yet.—"I must say, Maria, that that boy of *mine*, Fritz, is getting along at school in a way that I have reason to be proud of."

A CROCODILE PALACE.

OF all the experiences which have fallen to the lot of my wife and myself, one of the most memorable was certainly that which befell us in the Indian city of Jeypoor, or Jypoor.

"Now I think of it," said my wife, as we sat at breakfast in the verandah of the snug little hotel, "this is the place were the reigning Maharajah is said to keep a tank full of pet crocodiles in his palace, we might go and see them."

A few minutes later we were at the main entrance of the palace itself. Even without its wonderful accumulation of striking details, the mere height and size of the great structure would have sufficed to make it remarkable.

When we stood in the middle of the inner courtyard and looked upward, we saw above us a seemingly endless mass of carved battlements, marble columns, clustering turrets, curtained balconies, flower-crowned terraces, sculptured cornices, and brightly-painted walls, piled up against the clear blue sky like ridges of some mighty mountain, while high over all this blaze of many-coloured glory floated the golden standard of Jeypoor.

But all this time there was no sign of the famous pet crocodiles of which we had heard so much, and we were just beginning to wonder whether they might not be, after all, a mere traveller's tale, when our Hindoo guide suddenly hurried us with marked alacrity up a broad marble stair, on to a raised terrace nearly midway along the garden-face of the palace, and then, leading us forward to a low white parapet that ran along the further side of the terrace itself, pointed over it and bade us look down.

At the sight of the horrible pit below we both drew back with an irrepressible start and quiver of disgust. What we beheld was just what we had expected, and had come purposely to see; but so frightful was the sudden revelation of this foul, slimy pool, crawling with monstrous and hideous reptiles in the very midst of this splendid palace, that had we seen a herd of swine wallowing in a fashionable London drawing-room, we could hardly have been more utterly startled and shocked.

The beautiful white walls over which we were leaning inclosed a black, dismal swamp of thick, muddy, lifeless water, from the slimy depths of which steamed upward, through the hot, breathless air, a sickening stench of rank foulness and decay. Above the thick, oily surface, low banks of glistening black mud rose every here and there; and on that congenial couch lay basking the horrible reptiles which the Maharajah's strange taste had preserved and nourished as pets.

Some lay outstretched on the mud banks in the full glare of the sun, torpid as gorged snakes, but giving a sudden snap with their cruel jaws ever and anon, as if they were dreaming of tearing some living victim to pieces. Others were wallowing in the sullen waters, above which nothing could be seen but their scaly snouts and long, saw-like tails.

If the evil one had a pet beast of its own, thought I, looking loathingly around me, it should certainly be a crocodile! Just below us the hugest of these foul creatures lay asleep on an islet of mud, half in the water and half out. Wishing to stir it up I threw a large stone at it, which rebounded from its scaly back like a hailstone from a roof; but the monster never moved.

Then two of the Hindoos, seeing what we were at, joined in the bombardment so lustily that the mud-bank was studded like an almond cake with stones of all sizes; but to all appearances we might have built an entire house upon the phlegmatic crocodile without disturbing it in the least.

At length one huge stone hit it fair on the nose, when it finally condescended to wake up, stretched itself, yawned, and waddled lazily down into the water, whilst its flat, scaly head, and mud-besmeared body, its narrow, cunning eyes, short, clumsy limbs, and ungainly movements, formed a picture more hideous and repulsive than the ugliest demon ever imagined by Dante.

At that moment a tiny English child, having escaped from its ayah (native nurse) while the latter was engaged watching the crocodiles, scrambled up on the parapet that overhung the tank. It was horrible to see how, the moment the poor little girl appeared, the whole surface below was alive with flapping tails and gaping jaws, as the monsters caught sight of prospective prey. Scared by the tumult, the child grew dizzy, staggered forward, and in another instant would have fallen headlong into the terrible pool, when one of the Maharajah's native gardeners, an active young fellow, sprang forward and clutched her by the arm just in time.

"Crocodiles know how man-flesh taste!" said a tall, gaunt Punjabi beside us. "When old Maharajah reign, that time plenty man throw in here: crocodiles plenty much fat—aha!"

This speech, and the ghastly grin that accompanied it, were all that was needed to complete the horror of this frightful spectacle; and, turning away with a shudder, we hurried from the ill-omened spot as fast as we could.

FACTS.

THE bankruptcies in England and Wales average about 120 weekly.

ANALYSTS say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, closely followed by bacon.

ABOUT 155,000,000 miles of cotton thread are spun by the Lancashire factories every full working day.

A VENETIAN at Paris is credited with the ability to speak and write no fewer than ninety-six languages and dialects.

No wonder that Australia is being eaten up by rabbits. A naturalist calculates that a hundred thousand rabbits are born in Australia every day.

IN Samoa the king's adviser lives in a handsome house and the king in the shed alongside. The adviser receives a salary of £1,000 a year and the king £80. The chief of police even gets £350.

HOGS are largely used to hunt for truffles in France. As soon as the animal takes the root of the fungus in his mouth he is dealt a sharp blow across the nose, and drops the truffle, when it is bagged by the hunter.

THERE are something under 400 species of birds resident in or visitants, more or less regular, to the British Isles, and this number is less likely to increase than to diminish as the population becomes more dense.

A BELL MADE OF CANNON.—The great bell of Cologne Cathedral, known as the "Emperor's Bell," has on one side inscribed a sestet in German, of which the translation is:

I am called the Emperor's bell;
I proclaim the Emperor's honour;
On the holy watch-tower I am placed.
I pray for the German Empire,
That peace and protection
God may ever grant to it.

It may be added that no fewer than twenty-two cannons taken from the French were assigned by the Kaiser for the manufacture of this great bell.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—Messrs. Roberson, of Long Acre, in the course of their business of supplying artists with pigments, become possessed from time to time of the remains of the great Egyptians to be in due course ground up by them and sold in tubes as "mummy" paint. The firm recently lent a piece of the beautifully woven and preserved linen bandages in which a high priest and keeper of the baths had been preserved to be shown at some conversazione or lecture in the Midlands. The texture and quality excited great admiration amongst the audience, which culminated in unqualified astonishment upon the declaration of a manufacturer that this woven perhaps by a contemporary of Moses, the same disposition of threads which he had ently invented and patented only a year ago.

. CHALK.—The common sticks of so-called nich are nowadays almost exclusively used in school, are not, as is generally supposed, chalk at Chalk is a rock, which is chemically made up of metal calcium, combined with the non-metals n and oxygen, while in school chalk the calcium nbined with sulphur and oxygen, and there is no on about it at all. Real chalk was first used in ola, and that is the reason why the new and better erial for the purpose of blackboard-writing has n up the familiar name as well as the function of its predecessor. Modern school-chalk is just stucco or plaster-of-Paris, which is made by heating the rock gypsum till it falls into a soft white powder. This powder, in the making of the school-chalk, is mixed with water, and moulded into the little round rods with which all who have anything to do with teaching are so familiar.

FECUNDITY OF SEA-FISH.—The degree of fertility varies to an extraordinary extent among certain fishes, and according to the sizes of the individual. The ling produces a greater number of eggs than any other fish, twenty to thirty millions being an ordinary average among medium-sized and large specimens. On the other hand, the pipe-fish brings forth each season only a few hundreds, the eggs being taken charge of by the male, which carries them about in a compartment situate on its under surface. The cod produces from two or three to seven or eight millions of eggs; the haddock from two or three hundred thousand to nearly a million; the saithe from four or five to seven or eight millions; the torsk, or tusk, from one to two or three millions. In the herring, the number ranges from about twenty to about fifty thousand, the average for sixteen specimens examined being over thirty thousand, showing a considerably greater fecundity than has been generally supposed. Among flat-fish the most fertile is the turbot, with from three or four to nine or ten million eggs, and, the least so, the long, rough dab, which produces from about thirty to sixty thousand. In proportion to its size, the flounder produces more eggs than any other fish, the number ranging from over five hundred thousand to about one and a half million eggs. The sole is also very fertile.

THERE are nine kilted battalions in the British Army.

THE wealth of London grows by twenty millions every year.

SPAIN has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

A CHINESE workman only asks ½d. an hour for a day of twelve hours' work.

BOTH Sir John Millais and Mr. Watts got their first pictures in the Academy at the age of seventeen.

DOLLS are tabooed in Bagdad, the women believing that they may one day come to life and harm their children.

THE Imperial University at Tokio, Japan, is probably the largest in the world, having an enrolment of two thousand scholars and a faculty of forty members. It is under Government control.

DURING the abortive attempt to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, it is said that as much as two hundred thousand ounces of quinine were used annually in combating malarial fever.

WHEN Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell, and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

MR. HENRY SELL has scored at an advertising exhibition which has been held recently at Paris, for he received the highest award, viz., a gold medal, for his various publications relating to advertising, including that colossal and useful volume THE DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S PRESS.

WHEN THE EARTH WAS YOUNG.—When our world was a baby, according to Professor Ball, Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, it went round so fast that the day was only three hours long. It was a molten mass then, with an atmosphere containing about a score of elements, instead of the four or five only which it possesses at present. As it was shooting through the heavens and rotating at such a fearful speed, it gradually separated into two parts, a big portion and a little, and the latter, which is now our moon, has been kept from that time to the present by the united action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces spinning round the former, which is our earth. The moon has now all consolidated and dried up, but it had once seas like our own, which were then raised into daily tides by the attractive influence of our world, just as our seas were, and are still, elevated by the attractive action of the moon.

CRUELTY TO GOLD FISH.—These beautiful little fish, which are so often unjustifiably held in close confinement, have generally a very uncomfortable existence in their glassy prisons. The very limited quantity of water in which they are kept is too seldom changed, or, when changed, frequently the transition is too roughly effected, and often causes them serious and permanent injury. If they are to be kept captive at all, they should be only placed in an aquarium where there is a constant, slow, but perfect circulation of aërated water. They breathe the air which is dissolved in the water, and as the quantity of atmospheric air in water is very limited, the need of constant circulation is obvious. When the fish have exhausted the stock of oxygen in the fluid, they rise to the surface and swallow the free air above like ourselves; but this is attended in their case with very considerable discomfort, as their breathing organs are not at all adapted for our comparatively dry mode of respiration. After sucking in the air above, they must mix it with the water below before they can breathe it. They are, therefore, in constant danger of suffocation while attempting to breathe the stagnant fluid in which they exist, and also when endeavouring, like ourselves, to respire the undissolved air above them.

RAILWAY CURIOSITIES.—The largest station in the United Kingdom is Waterloo. The record for fast travelling is claimed by the Great Western Railway, whose broad-gauge monsters, the Flying Dutchman and the Zulu, are capable of doing over seventy miles an hour. Charing Cross owns the oldest of London station-masters. Euston receives the largest consignment of milk and the greatest amount of fish from Scotland, while Liverpool Street generally receives the first consignment of green peas. At Fenchurch Street and London Bridge the same number of trains arrive every day. Rugby has the longest platform and Brighton the largest signal-box in the kingdom. The station at York is said to be the handsomest, the most remarkable feature about which is the roof, a covering of three acres of glass in one curve. New Street, Birmingham, is the largest provincial station, to build which the oldest chapel in the city had to be demolished. The smallest railway in the world is that from North Billerica to Bedford, Massachusetts. The rails are only 2 feet 10 inches apart, while the length is eight and a half miles, and the rate of speed of engine twenty miles an hour. The longest railway in the world will be that which is now in course of construction in Russia. It is the St. Petersburg-Irkutsk-Vladivostok line, running through Siberia, and extending a distance of 4,100 miles. Vladivostok, its terminus, is situated in the north of Corea.

THE greater part of the phosphorus used in the world comes from bones.

M. WADDINGTON, the French Ambassador to London, receives £12,000 a year.

Two Englishmen have just walked round Europe, the journey occupying fourteen months.

IN Japan, it is said, authors pay their publishers, asserting that they do not mind losing by their own works, but they will not permit another person to make money by them.

WEALTHY, BUT IS HE HAPPY?—The Sultan's income is enormous; besides half a million of English pounds from the State taxes, he is said to draw two or three times as much from the Crown property. He owns a very large number of palaces on the Bosphorus, and a great proportion of the best kiosks and villas on its northern banks, which he grants during his pleasure to ministers and favourites, or to persons who have married members of his family. He is, in fact, the sole fountain of honour, wealth, and distinction in his country; every Turk depends on him for position and fortune. His expenditure is enormous; his charities are said to be very great; his gifts and benevolences are equally so. He complains that no one ever comes near him who does not want something. It is said that [illegible]000 persons are fed daily in his palace, and that he sends out dinners to a vast number of others by way of charity.

WHAT PLANTS TAKE OUT OF THE AIR.—Plants, like animals, breathe the air, and both do so precisely in the same manner, but green plants also take in the air so as to secure an indispensable element of their food. When a young or herbaceous plant is analysed it is found to consist chiefly of water, which is all removed from the soil; there is about seventy-five per cent. or more of this fluid present, and the rest is solid material. Of this latter by far the most abundant constituent is carbon, almost every atom of which is removed from the atmosphere by the vital action of minute bodies contained in the green leaves. The carbon is taken into the plant as carbonic acid gas, and in connection with this important truth the following fact, first investigated by Dr. Schlerden, is of great interest. He observ[illegible] coast of Guinea oil palms—the cocos and el[illegible] sea sand, which, on analysis, show[illegible] nothing but the merest tra[illegible] grew and flourished be[illegible] sary articles of food [illegible] they required f[illegible] 1821-1830, En[illegible] 107,118,00[illegible] 76,000,000 lbs. grew on a soil [illegible] whatever. D[illegible] while on his [illegible] maize harves[illegible] from quicksands in [illegible] and Peru, which were quite destitute of any sort of carbonaceous material.

COUNTING COMPETITION No. IX.

THE task set this week is to count the vowels A, E, I, O, U, on the first and second white pages of this number. All vowels printed in small or large letters must be counted. The total number of each must be written along the bottom of page 370, and the name and address of the sender along the top.

Competitors must place this in an envelope directed to THEMSELVES, and write above their name and address the total figure that they make. As explained last week we are led to make this fresh regulation with regard to the manner in which competitions must be sent in, as it will save us an enormous amount of work, for, of course, in the case of successful competitions the envelopes can be used for forwarding remittances to the winners instead of our having the trouble of addressing them, as has been the case hitherto. Postal orders should not be sent inside the envelope just alluded to, but should be placed separately in the envelope addressed to us.

The figures taken as correct will be those supplied to us by Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade, Chartered Accountants, whose fee of one guinea for arriving at them will be paid out of the entrance-fees. *The whole of the remainder of the money will be distributed among those who do the task set correctly, our services in the matter being given gratuitously.* All competitions must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, and must reach the office of this paper, Temple Chambers, London, E.C., marked COUNTING, at latest by first post on Friday, January 1st.

We find that many members of the same family are competing in collaboration and think it is hardly fair on others that the task of counting should be simplified in this manner. We must therefore request that no two competitions are sent from the same address.

Competitors are probably anxious to see the amount that is to be divided assume as large proportions as possible. Let us recommend them, therefore, to direct these competitions to the special attention of their friends—preferably of course those who Cannot Count Correctly.

FICTION.

TIMMINS AND THE TELEPHONE.—"Now, my dear," said Mr. Timmins, standing before the telephone, and preparing to explain its mysteries and advantages to his wife. "Now, my dear, this is going to prove the most convenient thing we ever had in the house. When I want to talk to anyone I just turn this handle and say 'Hullo! Hullo!' and the girl at the Central says 'Hullo! Hullo!' and I tell her who I want, and she calls him up. Now I'll ask for Mr. Speckwick," and Mr. Timmins turned the handle, utterly forgetting to press the button that makes the connection.

"What does he say?" asks Mrs. Timmins, cocking her head on one side, as a woman always does when her husband is trying to listen.

"He doesn't say anything yet," growled Mr. Timmins. "He isn't like you. He waits until he has got something important on his mind, and then he says it. Hullo! hullo!" roared Mr. Timmins, giving the handle a vicious twist, and glaring into the receiver with a vindictive look.

"I suppose it is really that girl's fault," murmured Mrs. Timmins, sniffing at the instrument, as though she smelled the young lady from afar, and fo[illegible] her no better than she ought to be. "I don't [illegible]pose she's there at all. More likely she's gadding [illegible]."

"What d'ye want to talk just then for?" howl[illegible] Mr. Timmins. "What is your object in breaking out with the conversational small-pox at this particular unc[illegible]ture? Don't you know she was just beginning to talk, and you made me lose her?"

"Hullo! hullo! Call up Mr. Speckwick, No. 3705," bawled Mr. Timmins, apparently convinced by his wife's manner or his own experience. "There, she's gone! No use for me to try anything when you're about. Another time, when I want to talk through a telephone, I'll take it over to the middle of some field. Do you know of anything that will keep you quiet for a moment?" demanded Mr. Timmins, his wrath rising as he contemplated his ill-usage. "Never mind the [illegible]; just name the article. Why didn't you tell [illegible]en you referred me to your old dad, that I was [illegible] marriage to a steam dictionary [illegible]an I talk through it?" coo[illegible] her husband.

[illegible]ou can't tal[illegible]g to re[illegible]me th[illegible]t a t[illegible] and tw[illegible]ire, and I don't [illegible] hour and a half. [illegible] Speckwick, No. [illegible] at the handle [illegible]

"Be patient, dear. [illegible], and it's a long way to Mr. Speckwick's house. Perhaps he isn't at home, and she's waiting for him."

"That's the way it works, eh?" shrieked Mr. Timmins. "When I call that girl she goes home to dinner, and along to Mr. Speckwick's house in the evening, and brings him here in a cab. That's your idea of it? P'raps you've got some sort of a notion that she runs the wires through Speckwick, turns on the current, and slams him right up here through the side of the house. That your idea? Well, she doesn't."

"I think I understand how it works," faltered Mrs. Timmins. "You say, 'Yellow, yellow—'"

"There's the combination!" yelled Mr. Timmins. "You've got it! Why didn't you tell me I was bringing this thing home to the inventor? What'd you want to let me stand up here and explain this thing to the only comprehensive brain that ever tackled it for? You've got it. With what you know now and what you've got to find out, you only need a little wire and an insulator to be the whole science of electricity. I tell you this is the way it works;" and Mr. Timmins fetched the instrument a kick that splintered it. "See it work?" he demanded, pulling at the wires until they cut his hands. "Watch it, while I convey your regards to the other lunatics!" and he danced on the remnants of the instrument and smashed the fragments against the wall.

"Never mind, dear," remonstrated Mrs. Timmins, trotting after him and trying to soothe him. "When you want Mr. Speckwick again, we'll just send a servant round after him. That'll be much nicer than trusting to a nasty wire, and I know there was a draught through the box, for I could feel it as soon as I came in the room."

"Oh, you could feel it!" roared Mr. Timmins, rather wondering how he was going to account to the company for the destruction of his instrument, and he pulled his hat over his ears, and rushed round to the telephone office to see what had better be done about the matter.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Timmins, as she flopped down on the floor to pick up the pieces of the wrecked instrument, "he'll not have any opportunity for standing up here and talking to that girl until his legs are tired;" and with this sage expression of her satisfaction over the result of her experiment, Mrs. Timmins broke off the ends of the bent wires and laid them away to crimp her hair.

WHY DO MEN HATE WOMEN?—At the first glance this may seem a somewhat startling question to ask, so much so that the spontaneous reply would be, "But men do not hate women." That is precisely where the fallacy is. It lies in the assumption that because poets have said finer things about women than about anything else; because woman is toasted with enthusiastic cheers at millions of banquets during every twelvemonth; and because the days of courtship are the sweetest in a man's life; it lies in the assumption that because of these things a man who hates women ought to be exiled from the earth.

But, meanwhile, the fact is that there are plenty of men who hate women without hating woman. The ferocity of the husband who comes home (from business) at three o'clock in the morning, and finds his wife placidly sitting up for him, may not find expression in audible language, but it has the concentrated force of a cyclone, and the condensed fury of a suppressed earthquake. He goes to bed hating that wife whom he has sworn to love, protect, and cherish.

The more unconscious she seems of her delinquency, the fiercer does his anger burn. He knows that the silent martyrdom she is thus displaying is merely a trick by which a reproof is disguisedly implied. If she wept, or tore her hair, or called him bad names, or slammed down the novel she had been reading, then he might challenge her to mortal combat, and engage in a connubial duel of the familiar kind.

But this silent sitting up, this gentle, voiceless aspect of having one's life gradually worn away by the conduct of a consort, is what no husband, however well regulated he may be, can stand "at three o'clock in the morning."

What is the reason that all tram-car conductors hate all women? If you think the case is too strongly stated, ask any tram-car conductor who can spare time to answer, and he will inform you that it is the women passengers, and not the males, who make his existence a burden and a terror.

He never feels safe while a woman is getting into or out of the tram. She rushes with such impetuosity that if the tram retain ever so little motion as she descends from it, she runs the risk of being thrown off her feet, her stupidity never having allowed her to perceive that the front and not the back handle must be used in order that the body may respond to the [illegible]

[illegible] her forte, deliberation is, [illegible] exasperating slowness, [illegible]rtation. "Hurry up, [illegible] full she posts her[illegible]ading the passage. [illegible]ctor waits for her [illegible]eady, like a creature endowed with [illegible] spokes in the depth of her blind alley of a p[illegible]. These are a few of the reasons why tram-car conductors hate women; but many more remain.

Why do business men hate women? Because, as a rule, women do not know how to behave in places of business. They come at the wrong time, say the wrong things, and they stay too long. After the business which they ostensibly come for is transacted, they chatter about an infinity of nothing, wearying the soul of the business man, who is too polite or weak-minded to get rid of them.

If a woman goes to a post-office window to ask more than the most ordinary question, or even to do nothing more than to buy a stamp, she either expects that everybody should make way for her, or she ignores the existence of the other applicants, plants herself on the wrong side of the window, and secures attention, to the prejudice of first-comers.

The way in which women behave at the box-office of theatres is notorious. It is said that the official who sells seats for *matinées* is not kept in the same position long. If he is he dies; so the rule of rotation is kindly worked in his favour and that of his co-mates in order that they may live and not die. Such unhappy beings, even in spite of this proviso, would be literally pestered to death if they did not continually brace themselves to answer thousands of silly and superfluous questions with sententious civility.

Why do men who go to the theatre hate women? Because the latter wear hats, which are an outrage on the persons who sit behind them, and an evidence of the wearer's want of good breeding, right feeling, and true politeness. A woman has no more right to wear at a theatre a hat which blocks up the view than a man to wear his hat. All women who do so are simple nuisances, and the man who takes to the theatre a woman wearing one confesses he is ashamed of her, unless he happens to be in love with her.

This article might be prolonged to ten times its present length, and another equally long might be written showing why women hate women, an assenting fact equally uncontrovertible. But we prefer to put the case briefly, acknowledging that many women may be found so free from the ordinary faults of the sex that they compel admiration, esteem, and affection, wherever they move.

When a man finds such a woman, if he be the right sort of a man, he treasures her in his memory, if he meets her but once; and he makes his heart the shrine where she is continually reverenced, should he have the good fortune to pass his life in her society.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

THE pedagogue among his pupils had
A maiden fair.
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,
And turned to his with many glances full oft;
And when his tiresome Latin put her out
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout;
He longed to kiss them—love had made him—
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school.
The hour was late;
But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride;
Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell
That I have loved thee long and passing well;
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;
Let's conjugate!"

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair,
"That would be fine;
But 'tis impossible, for, as thou know'st,
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.
The first declension now absorbs my thought;
The verb I have not yet at all been taught,
I cannot conjugate; all I may dare
Is to decline!"

HOTEL VISITOR: "Now, you are sure this bed is quite clean?"

Servant: "Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel them, they ain't dry yet."

JACK: "Is it true, Harry, that you have given up all thoughts of making Maud your wife?"

Harry: "Well, I should say so."

Jack: "That's strange; I thought you were so anxious to get her."

Harry: "So I was, but I've changed my mind in that quarter. I tried to get her to give me a kiss, and she refused, but in less than ten seconds after refusing to kiss me she kissed that pug dog of hers at least a dozen times. I tell you what it is. When a woman prefers the wet nose of a dirty pug to the tidy mouth of a fairly good-looking man there is a screw loose somewhere, and I congratulate myself on my narrow escape."

IT is a serious offience for a German soldier to appear in public except in uniform, even when he is on a furlough. He must always wear his uniform. A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some adventure or other dressed up as a civilian, was having a fine time of it, when, on turning a corner, he unexpectedly met his colonel. Lieutenant Schmidt, however, did not lose his presence of mind. He pretended that he had never seen his colonel befor[illegible] in a changed voice asked:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutena[illegible] lives? I am his brother from the count[illegible] paying him a little visit."

The colonel gave the desired inform[illegible] Lieutenant Schmidt hurried home, and got [illegible] uniform as soon as possible. He thought [illegible] deceived his superior officer, but next day whe[illegible] his colonel, the latter said:

"Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother fr[illegible] country pays you another visit, I'll have him in close confinement for thirty days."

MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. IV.

ON this page are some verses, entitled, THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING. The last word in the seventh line of the first verse is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out this page, fill in this word, write their names and addresses along the bottom of the page, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Friday, January 1st, the envelope marked WORD.

The correct word is in the hands of Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade, Chartered Accountants, Wardrobe Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. Their statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in our issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

Competitors must please fold their papers in such a manner, that the word filled in appears without the page having to be unfolded. They must also please put pages and postal orders separately in the envelopes. These two little points will save us much valuable time.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as they choose, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order.

LOST SPECIMENS.

The man who said jestingly that the chief use of going to school and college was to get stories to tell for the rest of one's life, was not without a certain foundation for his words, since no anecdotes are more constantly repeated than those which belong to this part of life.

Fellows who left the Midland Grammar School half a dozen years ago, for instance, are always pleased to tell what happened to a master there who had awakened much interest in natural history among his pupils by the use of the microscope. He was in the habit of bringing specimens to school, and one morning an assistant found him grovelling about the floor, an empty box in his hand, and an expression of the deepest consternation on his face.

"Oh, I've done the most dreadful thing!" he exclaimed. "I've dropped my box and spilled all my specimens."

"Can't you pick them up?" asked the other.

"Oh, no," replied the naturalist, with a groan; "I haven' been able to catch a single one."

"What were they?" asked the assistant, obligingly, stooping down to assist in the search.

"Forty live fleas," was the startling answer.

The assistant sprang up like a flash.

"Don't you think," he said, laughing, "that the pupils may be trusted to pick up the whole forty, if you give them time enough?"

SURVIVORS OF THE ROPE.

Innumerable instances of resuscitation after hanging are recorded. Henry III. granted a pardon to a woman named Inetta de Balsham, who was suspended from nine o'clock on a Monday to sunrise of Thursday, and afterwards "came to." Dr. Plot tells of a Swiss who was hung up thirteen times without effect, on account of the peculiar condition of his windpipe, it having been converted into bone by disease.

Annie Green, a servant girl, was hanged at Oxford in 1650, and recovered fourteen hours afterwards under doctor's treatment. Mrs. Cope, who was hanged at the same place eight years later, also recovered. On September 2nd, 1724, Margaret Dickson was hanged at Edinburgh, and recovered while being carried to the grave. She lived for many years afterwards, and was universally known as "Half-hanged Maggy Dickson."

A housebreaker named Smith was hanged at Tyburn in 1705. A reprieve came when he had been suspended a quarter of an hour. He was cut down, bled, and revived. William Duell, hanged in London in 1740, revived and was transported. A man hanged in Cork in 1765, was taken in hand by a physician, who brought him round in six hours, and we are told the fellow had the nerve to attend a theatrical performance the same evening.

Richard Johnson, hanged at Shrewsbury, October 3rd, 1696, obtained a promise from an under-sheriff to place him in the coffin without changing his clothes. After hanging half an hour he still showed signs of life, and on examination it was found he had wrapped cords about his body connected with hooks at the neck which prevented the rope from doing its work. The apparatus was removed and the man hanged effectually.

It may be offered in explanation of the cases mentioned that there was no drop used at executions in those days, the culprit usually suffering asphyxia without the cerebral column being broken. However, many have been hanged in recent days whose necks were not broken, giving them something of a chance which they would probably very much sooner have done without.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Various, indeed, are the opinions held by a wide diversity of races regarding their beauties, though it is often difficult for people bred under another sky to share their enthusiasm.

The Circassian women, who have a sort of conventional reputation for loveliness, are affirmed by those who know them best to be far from worthy of their celebrity. Short legs, glaring red hair, faces so long and narrow that their heads seem to have been squeezed between two boards and flattened, noses out of proportion to the rest of the features, and complexions of a dull lead-like hue, scarcely constitute beauty according to our standard.

The Moors and the Tunisian Jews regard corpulence as absolutely essential to beauty, and the inmates of rich men's harems are stuffed with nutritious foods, like Strasburg geese for the market. The Chinese poets sing of deformed feet as "golden lilies," and the rocking of their women in attempting to walk as the "waving of a willow."

Other races have equally odd ideas of what constitutes loveliness, for they "improve" their persons by flattening their foreheads, tattooing their skins, cutting off their fingers, filing their teeth, or dying them black, blue, or tartan, painting their bodies, slitting their ears, compressing their waists, putting stones, bone, or metal through their lips, cheeks, or ears, and in a dozen other ways trying to enhance the poor prentice work of Nature.

A Felatah lady dies her hands and feet with hennah, stains her teeth alternately blue, yellow, and purple, one here and there being left of its natural colour, pencils her eyelids with sulphuret of antimony, and dies her locks with indigo. The Hydah woman inserts a plug of wood or ivory through her lower lip until it presents the hideous appearance of a fleshy shelf over her chin.

A Chinese, or a Siamese, lady cultivates long nails. A Hottentot belle cannot get her nose flat enough, or a Persian beauty hers high enough. On the north-west coast of America no mere reproach is more bitter than for one girl to tell another that "your mother was too lazy to flatten your head."

Tattooing is almost universal among half-civilised or savage races. In New Zealand the Maori women, before they began to imbibe European prejudices, even tattooed their lips, lest they should have the reproach of being red. Some races still slit their ears until they hang in loops on their shoulders; others insert huge rings and other ornaments through the cartilage of their noses.

The Louisiade Islanders regard the lid of a sardine-box as a particularly neat piece of jewellery; and even European women have not yet ceased to suspend bits of stone and metal through the lobes of their ears. There is, in truth, no possibility of arriving at any standard of beauty, the "points of which would not do injustice to some of the competitors."

Even among the whites there are various ideas of what constitutes good looks. Like manners and morals, beauty is very much a matter of sky. Just as an Indian told a traveller what a comfort his son was to him, because "he could steal more horses than any boy of his age," so a Western frontiersman assured a visitor that his daughter was the "finest" girl in the settlement, for she could "heft a barrel of pork, and ick her weight in wild cats."

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Sixty years ago there were in the Long Room of the London Custom House, twelve officers styled cocket-writers, because they wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers, because appointed for life by letters-patent from the Crown. Their salaries were nominal, sixty pounds a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants, fees which in some cases amounted to a thousand pounds a year.

In 1831 the Treasury determined to abolish patent offices, and called upon the twelve cocket-writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the Treasury's purpose, imagined that the Government intended to impose an income tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement.

In a few days, ten clerks were surprised and disgusted, and two clerks were astonished and pleased. The Treasury notified the cocket-writers that their offices would be abolished, and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished.

There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the Long Room. One of the two honest cocket-writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years.

ON THE BRIDGE OF DEBTS.

The "credit system," as it is called nowadays, appears to belong to an advanced state of society, and to be impracticable under simple conditions of life, but it is in use, nevertheless, in some very primitive communities. In the Valley of Possey, in the Austrian Tyrol, where the Alpine inhabitants lead a simple life, practically all business and work is conducted on credit, subject to an annual settlement. On a certain day in winter the inhabitants of the valley meet at the bridge of St. Leonard's, a place which is convenient to all, and the day is devoted to balancing accounts.

The first business in order at these meetings is the payment of debts. Everyone pays what he owes; some depend upon what they collect to meet debts owed to others, but the inhabitants of Possey are thrifty and honest, and there is usually money enough to go round.

The bridge of St. Leonard's, in other words, is the clearing house of the Valley of Possey. After the debts are paid contracts are entered into for the next year. Labour engages itself, and the farmers' crops are often bargained for in advance.

If any debtor fails to appear at the bridge and meet his dues on this "squaring-up" day, he is practically cut off from further dealings with the other inhabitants of the valley. No more credit is allowed him, and he is generally fain to re-establish himself in the good-will of his fellows by paying his debts as soon as he possibly can. To be able to hold up one's head on the bridge is the test of solvency and honour.

There is a tradition in the Tyrol that once, a long time ago, after a year of scarcity and disaster, the inhabitants of the Valley of Possey met at St. Leonard's Bridge. Each one owed some one else. Consequently each depended upon being paid by his neighbour, who looked to him in order to be able to pay his neighbour whom he owed.

But as no one appeared to have any money, no one's debt could be paid. The people stood about in despair, until presently a well-to-do miller, who was known to have money, arrived.

"Good!" said Hans Melchior, the tailor. "Here is Wilhelm Gutpfenning. He will start the ball rolling. Whom do you owe, Wilhelm?"

"No one!"

"So? Well, will you lend me forty gold thalers until noon?"

The miller thought the matter over a moment.

"Yes," he said. "I believe you are honest, Hans Melchior. I will lend you the money."

He advanced forty thalers to Hans, who used it to pay his debt to Pieter, the weaver, and Pieter, the weaver, passed it on to discharge his obligation to another citizen, and so it went from hand to hand, discharging the very moderate debts of the Possey inhabitants until it came to the last man, who happened to owe Hans Melchior just forty thalers. He paid it, of course, and with it Melchior at once settled his debt to Gutpfenning, the miller.

Now, since the miller had paid himself out of the grists as he went along, and was owed by nobody, his forty gold thalers had paid all the debts in Possey, and though everyone else had come to the bridge in the morning moneyless, everyone went home in the afternoon solvent and happy!

A Blackburn girl wants to know "if it is true that kissing will cure freckles." Wouldn't say positively, but a simple recipe like this is worth trying.

Mrs. Keneen: "They called in Dr. Piller to set Jones's leg."

Dr. Keneen (a rival of Piller): "Piller set a leg! Why, he couldn't set a hen."

Lawyer (at the theatre on the first night): "I can't imagine how the piece can be drawn out into five acts."

Author: "Oh, that is very simple. In the first act, you see, the hero gets into a lawsuit."

Old Gentleman (bursting into tears): "Wai-waiter, it's no use trying, I ca-can't eat this fowl."

Waiter: "Why, whatever's the matter, sir?"

Old Gentleman: "Why, I knew this fow-fowl when I was a lit-little boy! It used to fee-feed out of my hand, and I lov-loved it! Ta-take it away, waiter, and bur-bury it decently!"

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 2.

12s. 8d. for Writing a Word.

Here is the Chartered Accountant's statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the verses entitled A Confession that appeared on page 341 of issue for week ending December 19th.

"We certify that the sealed envelope handed to us by *Pearson's Weekly* in connection with this competition has been opened and contained the word *content*.

Slade Leino & Slade
Chartered Accountants

Here are the last six lines of the verse in full:—

I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes, full bent
Upon the woman next to her, *content*,
Absorbed in musing, pleasured contemplation.

Only 228 readers entered, which is rather a pity for those who were correct, as they were comparatively few and thus get hold of an amount they must feel has repaid them well for filling in a word. 18 only of the 228 sent the word *content*, which means that the £11 8s. to be divided yields 12s. 8d. apiece. Here are the names and addresses of the winners:—

Mr. G. Field, 125, Oxford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester; Mr. A. Anderson, "A" Troop, Bridging Bat., R.E., "I" Lines, South Camp, Aldershot; Mr. Wm Ferguson, Thompson Home, Lisburn, Ireland; Mr. T. Foster, Moorton Lodge, Burnage Lane, Manchester; Mr. John Rose, 2, Canterbury Terrace, Maida Vale, N.; Miss E. Alexander Hornsleigh, Tyndall Road, Leyton; Mr. H. Wright, 4, Brook Road, Grays, Essex; Mr. R. Liddiard, 8, Marco Road, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.; Mr. F. Waller, Signalman, Wickford, Essex; Mr. Chas. Grant, 67, Fenwick Road, Peckham, S.E.; Mr. Wm. Sturgeon, 58, Clarendon Avenue, Leamington Spa; Mr W. Goulding, 81, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; Mr. James Davidson, Main Street, Lennoxtown, Stirlingshire; Mr. T. Pardoe, 200, Mare Street, Hackney; Mr. E. Austin, 72, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.; Mr. T. Palmer, 281, Commercial Road, Peckham; Mr. John Woolley, Oak Mount, Tindal Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; Mr. H. Rylands, Stairfoot, Barnsley, Yorks.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

The Daintiest Animal.

WALKING along the banks of the Itchen the other day, I came across a fine trout with just one piece of flesh taken out of its shoulders. This, of course, was the work of an otter, which, I suppose, is the most fastidious feeder in animal creation. You never see any fish fall a prey to the otter unless it is a fine one, in good condition. The dainty pirate will only eat the very finest portions of the flesh, and often kills from four to six big fish in a single day to satisfy his epicurean appetite.—E. A. R. (Winchester.)

A Widespread Fallacy.

MOST people believe that birds sleep with their heads beneath their wings. Nursery songs teach children that this is so, and illustrations in story books carry out the idea. It is, however, a very mistaken one, for no bird in the world sleeps in this way. Most birds turn their heads round and lay them along their backs, nestling them well down into the feathers so that they are often almost, if not quite, concealed, and unobservant people having seen birds in this position have jumped at the conclusion that their heads were tucked away beneath their wings. I do not suppose that any fallacy has met with such widespread belief as this.—R. B. L. (Lincolnshire.)

The Favourite Trees of Birds.

THE fact that different species of birds frequent different kinds of trees is one that does not seem to have been noticed by any writer of natural history, so far as I am aware. A few brief notes on the subject may be of interest. Nightingales are never found in such profusion as in nut-groves. Black-caps frequent laurels, while oaks seem to have a particular fascination for jays and rooks. Finches live in lime-trees, and the missal thrush prefers the birch-tree to any other. The members of the large family of tits seem to have a special liking for blackthorns. Woodpeckers are more often seen in beeches than any other tree, and the ash has a particular attraction for thrushes and wood-pigeons.—LEWIS (Wilts).

Sheep as Deer-scarers.

A CURIOUS fact, which I suppose is not known to many people but those who live in the Highlands, is that if sheep are introduced into a deer forest the deer invariably begin to gradually diminish in numbers until they finally disappear altogether. This is probably owing a good deal to the fact that sheep necessitate the attendance of shepherds and their dogs, and these have naturally a tendency to scare the deer away, though the closeness with which sheep feed has no doubt a great deal to do with it, for deer coming after them find little, if anything, left to eat. Whether this is the case or not I cannot say, but deer have a great antipathy for sheep. They seem to smell them a great distance off, and avoid them by all possible means in their power.—LUKE (Inverness).

A Very Simple Barometer.

ONE of the simplest and most reliable barometers I know is the spider's web. When rain or strong wind is imminent, the spider invariably shortens the threads which assist the main structure, and allows them to be short as long as the weather remains changeable. If you notice the little insect lengthening these threads, you may be sure that fine weather is coming along, and the length of its duration may be judged by the length to which the threads are stretched out. If the spider lies torpid, rain may be expected. If, while rain is falling, it works away, the shower will soon be over, and will be followed by fine weather. The spider makes alterations in its web about once every twenty-four hours, and should these changes be made in the evening shortly before sunset, the night is sure to be bright and clear.—TIMON (Belfast).

The Voices of Animals.

IT does not seem possible that we shall ever be able to comprehend the language of animals, but it is interesting to note the variety of their voices.

In the mammalia the general structure of the larynx is like that of a man, the power and character of the sound depending on the different degrees of development of the vocal chords, and the peculiarity of structure of the vocal organs. The timbre, or quality, of the voice is remarkably distinct in the different classes of animals, and also varies in those of the same class.

Lions and tigers, with their magnitude of chest, make a roar that fills the ear with a sense of horror, the depth of voice giving to the mind the idea of an enormous being.

The horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale, without even omitting a semitone, being one of the most musically-voiced of animals. The ass brays in a perfect octave, and one of its ejaculations has been copied by Haydn in his seventy-sixth quartet with great success.

The bark of a dog is an instance of a voice acquired by domestication, much as the trotting of a horse is an acquired movement. Animals produce an almost entire of musical sounds, ascending and descending the scale by half-tones, so that it along of brute animals may be said to sing. The howling or preaching monkey of South America has a voice that can be heard for two miles.

The giraffe and the armadillo are voiceless, with no vocal chords. The chirp of the long-eared bat is said to be the most acute sound produced by any animal, and only five out of six persons can hear it. In reptiles the larynx is in a rudimentary condition. The crocodiles and caymen make a feeble, roaring sound.

One kind of frog has a sound-bag, evidently acting as a resonance chamber, on each side of its mouth. The tortoise gives a mere snuffing sound.

Snakes have no vocal chords, but produce a hissing by expulsion of air through the narrow opening in the glottis. Most fish are mute.

Insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers, and bees, have been considered more musicians than singers, most of the sounds they make being caused by friction of their wings or legs together, or against their body, or by vibration of their wings. A grasshopper of Brazil may be heard half a mile, which, in proportion, is the same thing as if a man with a big voice could be heard over the world.—E. R. (Bradford.)

QUERIES.

I HAVE a hen which has recently developed the habit of eating its eggs, which is very annoying. Could anyone suggest a method of cure?—EDITH (Plymouth).

ABOUT five years ago I made a pond in my garden, and there are now quite a number of little fish in it. How can this be accounted for? No stream runs into the pond; it is fed by a subterranean spring, and certainly no one has ever introduced either fish or spawn into its waters.—D. D. (Hereford.)

I HAVE often wondered whether dogs, when they yap and stretch their legs in their sleep are dreaming, or whether these actions are merely mechanical. I do not see why animals should not dream as much as human beings do, but I have not been able to find anything about it in my books. Could anyone give me an authoritative answer on the question?—PHŒNIX (Glasgow).

Do any insects but bees make honey? It seems curious that bees should be the only ones to do this.—P.L. (Putney).

Is a toy-terrier the smallest member of the dog family? I should like very much to be told if any breed of dog is smaller than this.—AMATEUR (Worksop).

WHAT A DINNER COST A TOWN.

TOWNS, as well as individuals, have their idiosyncracies, their characters, and their histories, often so dramatic and peculiar to themselves that they might be called personal.

There is a quiet little suburb of Philadelphia, which once narrowly missed the highest distinction which any American town could achieve. It was the village of Germantown, a hamlet settled by weavers and other labourers from Prussia, in the time of William Penn. It was then, as it is now, a quiet selection of grey stone dwellings surrounded by forest trees, and straggling for the most part along one hilly street.

When Philadelphia was the capital of the States, an attack of the "plague," as the yellow fever was called, drove the officers of government out of the town to this healthy village. It is said that Washington became attached to it, and when Congress took up the question of the future permanent seat of the government, that he strongly urged its claims.

When the matter was voted on, the northern and eastern States, with Delaware, voted for Germantown, while the Southern States opposed it.

Mr. Madison brought forward as an argument against it that "land in Germantown commanded the enormous price of fifty pounds an acre," and urged that the question should be delayed until next session, that the "eye of America should be allowed to contemplate this town before it became the abode of the nation."

In spite of this protest, however, the Bill passed the Senate, ayes ten, nays seven. It was taken to the House, and, after a fierce debate, passed there, ayes thirty-one, nays twenty-four, with an amendment, which carried the Bill back to the Senate.

It is stated that the Member in charge of the Bill in the Senate was invited to a dinner party, where he hoped to meet a foreign nobleman. The Senate had but twenty-four hours of life before the adjournment, and six of these he gave to his dinner. His chance was lost when he returned to his seat, and with it Germantown lost for ever her chance of a place in the first rank of the cities of the world.

At the next session the capital was fixed at Washington.

A PLEASANT POSITION.

HERE is an incident in the life of Timothy Murphy, who was famous in the border warfare of New York during the Revolutionary War. A small body of riflemen, Murphy among them, were returning to camp after destroying an Indian village near Unadilla, when they were surprised by an attack of Indians in ambush and most of them destroyed. They beat a hasty retreat.

Murphy, who was in advance of the rest, ran some distance and crawled into a large hollow log that lay near a small stream. He had just secreted himself when he heard the voices of Indians. To his discomfiture, they came and encamped by the log for the night. One of the Indians even looked into the cavity, but, seeing a spider's web at one side undisturbed, did not think it worth while to look farther.

The savages built a fire beside the log, and Murphy trembled lest they should split it up for fuel. But after satisfying their hunger on strips of venison they lay down to sleep with their feet towards the fire.

Murphy lay still until they began to snore; then he crawled softly to a split in the log, and, looking through, observed eight Indians asleep, their rifles beside them, while one sat on the watch, tomahawk and scalping-knife in his belt.

All hope of immediate escape was thus cut off, and Murphy drew himself back quietly to his former position, thankful that the snapping of the fire had prevented the watching Indian from having heard his movements.

His position was not an enviable one; the heat had penetrated the log, and he was in danger of being roasted alive. Before morning the log was burned through in several places, and the wretched prisoner, nearly stifled with smoke, looked forward with horror to the time when the redskins should replenish the fire for breakfast. He was in desperate straits.

Early in the morning one of the Indians went down to the stream and bent over to drink. Murphy, whose condition was becoming so uncomfortable that he had almost resolved to make a rush for liberty, had crawled to the end of the log and brought his rifle into position. The redskin at the stream was in direct range and Murphy fired.

The Indian fell headlong into the water, and his companions, thinking a force of the enemy was upon them, fled precipitately.

Murphy saw them go and lost no time in leaving the log. With the bravado of those early pioneer hunters, he went to the stream and removed the dead Indian's scalp. Then he took to his heels and made good his escape.

EXPOSTULATION.

THE head of a gang of supers in a northern theatre was a regular curious character, who had been bothering the manager for some time with his requests to be given a speaking part. The manager did not wish to offend him, because he was a small power in a way, so he finally promised to give him a few lines on the night of his own benefit. The night approached, and Jimmy, as he was called, had not been given his part, and so he went to the manager.

"I say," he said, "how is this? Where's the lines you promised me? I ain't going on to-morrow night to carry a spear or to do anything of that kind. Gimme the lines."

"My dear sir," said the manager, "it will be entirely unnecessary to have your part written. I will tell you what to do and you can do it."

"Well, go on."

"You are to be one of a group of men discovered drinking at a bar. The barman approaches and you call for beer. Do it naturally. You know how. Then he gives you the change. You look at it and see that it is not right, and you mildly expostulate."

"All right," said Jimmy. "That ain't a bad part."

The night of the benefit arrived. Jimmy and his companions were discovered playing cards at a table.

"Four beers," said Jimmy, in a most natural tone of voice.

The glasses were placed on the table.

"Take it out of this," said Jimmy, throwing a piece of money on the table.

The man took the money and then returned the change.

"This ain't right," said Jimmy, looking at the change.

"Didn't you give me a shilling?"

"Naw, a two-shilling piece."

"You can't play that game here, my friend."

"What! didn't I give you two shillings?"

"No."

"Don't I git no more change than this?"

"No."

Biff-bang! Jimmy's arm went out, and the man was knocked clear into the wing, and it was some time before he recovered consciousness.

"Good gracious! what have you done?" said the manager.

"Well, didn't you tell me to expostulate?" said Jimmy, as he strolled off.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

On the 26th day of October, 1871, the trading schooner, *Little King*, sailed out of the port of Singapore, bound for the Kinderoon Islands, to the north, and only one of her crew was ever again met with. For five years before, the schooner had belonged to, and been commanded by, Captain Ezra Williams, an American from San Francisco.

He traded between Singapore and Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the smaller islands of the Java Sea, and, in May, 1871, died at Singapore of fever. He had then been married for three years to an Englishwoman, whose maiden name was Danforth. As she could not readily dispose of the schooner, she determined to continue in the business, acting as her own supercargo.

Mrs. Williams secured an Englishman named Parker as captain, another named Hope as the mate, and with three Malays before the mast, and a Chinese cook, and with about £2,000 specie in the cabin, she sailed away on her first voyage, and it was four years later before she was again heard of. The purpose of this narrative is to chronicle her adventures in the interim, as I had them from her own lips.

While it was a bit queer to start on a voyage with a woman virtually in command of the craft, Mrs. Williams had nothing to fear from her crew. The officers were good navigators, and the men willing, and all were anxious for a profitable voyage. She had no complaints to make until the islands were reached.

The group lies between the Malay Peninsula and the island of Borneo, about 100 miles off the coast of the former, and from 250 to 300 miles from Borneo. There are nineteen islands in the group. There are only seven or eight which are inhabited, and at the time of which I write the people were a lawless set, and a share of them out-and-out pirates. The schooner had been there once before, and made a profitable trip of it. She had clothing, powder, shoes, axes, and a great variety of other articles, and where none of these were wanted she paid cash.

On this trip the schooner worked to the northward and made her stop at the island of Quewang, being the third one from the northernmost island of the group. She met with a cordial reception, and at once began bartering for and receiving cargo. She was anchored in a sheltered bay, within five hundred feet of the beach, and had been there five days before anything occurred to arouse Mrs. Williams's suspicions that all was not right.

She then observed that the crew were drinking deeply of a native liquor which the natives were supplying in a liberal manner, and that some of the fellows were becoming impudently familiar. When the captain was spoken to he laughed at the idea of trouble, and promised better things, but the drinking continued.

On the afternoon of the seventh day several women came off in the canoes. One of them, who could speak English pretty fairly, was presented with some ornaments by Mrs. Williams, and in return she hinted to her that it was the intention of the natives to capture and loot the schooner that night. They had discovered that there was a large sum of money on board, and they had found the crew an easy one to handle.

The friendly woman hadn't time nor opportunity to say much, but no sooner had the crowd of natives left the schooner at dusk, as was their custom, than Mrs. Williams set out to sound the alarm. Imagine her feelings when she discovered that every single man on board, from captain to cook, was so much under the influence of liquor as to be unable to comprehend her words. She doused them with sea-water and pounded them with belaying-pins, but all to no purpose. The entire lot were stupidly drunk, just as the natives had planned for.

It was a perilous situation for the woman to be placed in. If the natives captured the schooner they would murder every one of the crew as a natural sequence, and the first move towards capturing her had already been made. The step she took showed sound judgment. The schooner's yawl was down, having been in almost hourly use.

The native village was about forty rods back from the beach, and as the schooner swung to the ebb-tide she presented her broadside to the village. When the yawl was pulled round to the port side she was out of sight. Mrs. Williams's first act was to stop the mast; her next to supply the craft with provisions and water. There were an unusual number of lights burning in the village, showing that something was on foot, but she had no fear of an attack until a later hour. The natives would wait until certain that all the crew were helpless.

Mrs. Williams had determined to slip away from the doomed craft in the yawl, although she had no experience in the management of a small boat. After water and provisions, she brought up all her money, which was in boxes she could handle. Not a penny of it was left behind. There was a rifle, revolver, and double-barrelled gun belonging to her husband. These she took, together with powder, shot, and cartridges.

Then she gathered up all her bedding and clothing, took three or four spare blankets, and two suits of clothes belonging to the officers. When these were in the boats she took pots, pans, dishes, and cutlery, bundled up a lot of carpenters' tools, secured two axes, a lot of small rope, several pieces of canvas, and, in brief, loaded the yawl with whatever was portable and handy, including the clock, compass, quadrant, sextant, and a lamp and four gallons of oil. She worked for upwards of two hours getting these things into the boat, and the last articles taken aboard were meat, flour, beans, tea, and other provisions.

It was about ten o'clock when Mrs. Williams took her seat in the yawl and cast off from the schooner, and the tide at once drifted her out of the bay and to the north. The only thing of consequence she had forgotten was a chart of the Java Sea, which she could have put her hand on at a moment's notice, and it was the want of this which made a Crusoe of her for several years.

As the yawl went to sea after its own fashion, Mrs. Williams lost the points of the compass at once. Indeed, had she kept them in mind, it would have been of no benefit just then, as she had not studied the chart, and could not have told which way to steer to reach another island or the mainland. She heard nothing whatever of the natives, but several years later it was ascertained that they did not board the schooner until midnight.

The men, all of whom were still drunk and asleep, were stripped and tossed overboard to drown, and then the absence of the woman and her money was discovered. Five or six native craft were at once sent in pursuit, while the people who remained looted the schooner of everything of value to them, and then towed her out to deep water, and scuttled her to hide the evidences of their crime.

After drifting three or four miles out to sea the yawl got a light breeze, and after a few trials the woman learned how to manage the sail and lay a course. She had no idea which way she was heading, but ran off before the breeze, and kept going all night and until mid-afternoon next day. She must have passed the island of Upnong in the early morning, but so far to the westward that she could not see it.

The wind hauling at mid-afternoon altered her course by several points, and the northernmost island of the group, named Poillo, was thus brought in line. The island is seven miles long by three in width at its widest part, and well wooded and watered.

The woman landed on the east side, at the mouth of a creek which forms a snug little harbour. She was convinced that this was one of the islands of the Kinderoon group, but she did not know that it was the most northerly one. By consulting the compass, she got the cardinal points, but not having studied the chart, she could not say in what direction any other land lay. She had seen the sails of two traders that morning, but as they were native craft she had every wish to avoid them. The boats which were sent in pursuit of her must have taken another course, as she saw nothing of them.

When Mrs. Williams landed on the island she had no idea of stopping there more than a day or two, or until she could decide on some plan. She had scarcely gone ashore when a gale came up which lasted about thirty hours, during which time the yawl was so damaged that she must undergo repairs. She unloaded her goods on the shore, covered them from the weather, and then set out to explore the island, pretty well satisfied that it was inhabited, and hoping, if it was, that she might secure assistance.

Before night she was satisfied that she was all alone, and she made a shelter out of the blankets, and slept the night away as peacefully as if in her cabin on the schooner. Next day she exchanged her apparel for a man's suit, and began the erection of a hut. In a grove about 200 feet from the beach she erected a shelter, 10 feet by 20 feet, which withstood the storms of almost four years. While the sides consisted of canvas and poles, the roof was thatched with a long grass which she found on the island in abundance.

It took the woman almost a week to construct her hut and move her stores into it, and this had scarcely been done when her boat, owing to carelessness on her part, was carried off by the sea, and she now realised that she was a prisoner until such time as the crew of some trading vessel might land and discover her.

Mrs. Williams had clothing to last her five or six years, but the provisions she had brought from the schooner would not supply her needs more than a few months. While hoping and expecting to be taken off almost any day, she wisely prepared for a long stay. She had fish-hooks and lines in her outfit, and with fish from the sea, meat from the woods, and bananas and wild fruit from the groves, she had a variety and plenty.

Six months after she landed a native craft put in about a mile from her hut, but creeping through the woods she saw that all were Malays, and so savage in appearance that she did not dare make herself known. Seven months later a second craft sent men ashore to fill two water casks, but she was also afraid of these. She lived very quietly from that time until nearly two years after her landing, having remarkably good health all the time, but being naturally lonely and cast down at times.

One afternoon, as she was in the forest about half a mile from home, having her gun with her, a Borneo sailor suddenly confronted her. He was entirely alone, and whether he had been marooned or cast away she never learned. As she was dressed in a man's suit he naturally took her for a man, but his first movement was a hostile one. He advanced upon the woman with a club in his hand, uttering shouts of menace, and to save her own life she was compelled to shoot him.

Now and then, all through her stay, trading vessels were sighted in the offing, with occasionally a craft known to be manned by her countrymen, but signals made to the latter by means of smoke were never heeded. Her main hope was that the loss of the schooner would, in some way, reach her friends at Singapore and that a searching party might be sent out to her rescue.

One day, when she had been on the island four years, lacking about fifty days, the British survey ship *Sahib*, then engaged in re-surveying the group, dropped anchor off the mouth of the creek, and sent a party ashore to explore the interior. I had the honour, not only to head the party, but to be the first man to see and speak to Mrs. Williams. We found her in excellent health, although tanned and roughened by exposure to the weather. When she had donned her own proper apparel and had time to tidy up, no one could find fault with her appearance. In fact, she was a beautiful woman.

After a few days, we sailed for Singapore, where Mrs. Williams was safely landed, and, a few weeks later, a man-of-war was despatched to the island where the schooner had been seized. Natives were found who gave all the particulars, and the result was that eight men were brought aboard, tried, convicted, and swung up at the yardarm, while three more were shot while trying to escape from the island.

A MAN named his two children Ebenezer and Flora and always spoke of them as "Eb" and Flo."

MRS. WEDSOON (poutingly): "Mrs. Oldwife next door has had two new dresses to my one."

Mr. Wedsoon (spouse No. 2): "Yes, my dear, but you've had two new husbands to her one."

SAID a little lawyer the other day, "There is a restaurant in Fleet Street where I can get twenty-four kinds of meat and vegetables for eightpence."

"How do you do that?" asked a friend.

"I order hash!"

A WINDY orator, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order."

Everybody started in wonder as to what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "that it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

A MISANTHROPICAL poet sings:

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest fancies spoiled;
I never grew a cauliflower
But, soon as 'twas full blown, 'twas boiled!
I never reared a terrier-pup,
To greet my footsteps in the passage,
But, just when I had brought him up
To love me, he was turned to sassage!"

A NORTH-COUNTRY paper has something to say about a "female equestrienne." Womenne, we may remark in passing, are, as a rule, better equestriennes than pedestriennes, although that they do some great walking on their shopping excursions is beyond question. Still, while she may shine more brightly as a rideress than a walkeress, let us never forget how much we owe to womanne as a cousiness, a sisteress, and a wifess, and so let us always endeavour to indicate her sex so plainly that there may be no mistake.

IT is told of Bishop ——, that while dining recently at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the small son of his host, whose eyes were rivetted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and said:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee-breeches, "you're all right; but won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"

A CERTAIN lawyer has a tongue that frequently travels faster than his brain when he makes a speech. In a recent case, in which he was defending a man charged with theft, he brought down the Court, jury, and spectators by saying excitedly:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard me demonstrate the utter innocence of my client. You have also heard the testimony of the prisoner's own boy in corroboration of what I have stated, and now, gentlemen of the jury, let me remind you of that old Scriptural saying that 'fools and children speak the truth.' What more convincing proof do you require?"

HOME NOTES.

A Page from [illegible] for Ladies.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, as far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

For the benefit of readers who may desire advice or information on any [illegible] arrangements, [illegible] have now [illegible] expert. Letters will be answered gratis, and no fee will be charged unless it is desired to have inspections made, plans prepared, or other work carried out, when a small proportionate charge will be made. Letters for this department should be marked SANITARY.

Removing Spots from Washing Fabrics. The yolk of an egg rubbed on to spots will remove them. This should be done before sending to the laundry.

To Soften Hard Water. Into four and a half gallons of water put one ounce of quicklime. Stir it well, and when it is settled pour off the clear solution, and it will be enough to add to two barrels of hard water. (*Reply to* W[illegible].)

Home-made Baking Powder. Quarter of a pound of tartaric acid, quarter of a pound of carbonate of soda, half a pound of ground rice. Pass all these ingredients three times through a wire sieve, and place in a tin or bottle for use. (*Reply to* F. B.)

Medicated Gingerbread. Take a pound of flour, work into it four ounces of butter or dripping, two ounces of sugar, six drachms of jalap, half an ounce of ground ginger, and three-quarters of a pound of treacle, with the grated rind of one or two lemons. Divide into sixty gingerbread biscuits, and bake as usual. (*Reply to* FLORA.)

Brown Paper is both warm and light, and is an excellent non-conductor of heat; stitched into two layers of stuff or cotton sheeting it forms a splendid quilt. Sewn into the waistcoat of a man who is not warmly clad, it keeps off many cold blasts, and very comfortable petticoats can be made for old people, or those who do not mind the weight in walking, by wadding laid between two layers of brown paper and covered with any light material.

Beetroot Beer. Cleanse and scrape the roots, and take away the discoloured parts, cut them into small dice of an inch, fill the copper with these, and add enough water to cover. Boil for five hours, then place the beetroot on a wicker basket to drain, but do not use pressure. Then return the liquor to the copper, and to every three and a half pails of liquor put one and a half pounds of hops; boil together for about two hours, then strain through a sieve. When cool enough, work with yeast as you would beer. Remove the scum before putting into a cask. Beetroot beer is perfectly wholesome, and very little inferior to malt beer. (*Reply to* MARTHA.)

Food in Illness. There is a strong feeling amongst many of us that directly a person is ill he or she must be made to take plenty of nourishing food or drink; whereas abstinence during sickness is very often the remedy that an experienced physician prescribes. In the early stages of any disease food should not be pressed on the patient unless ordered by the doctor; in some cases even the patient's inclinations have to be moderated. When a person is recovering from an illness any luxuries possible are often beneficial, but before a disease is subdued the patient should not have them. Those of us, again, who suffer from our livers will often derive more benefit from twenty-four hours' starvation than from medicine.

The Attic in many houses is the general store for rubbish of all sorts, from old boots and shoes to furniture—which, in the first instance, has only been put there in preparation for a turning out that never comes off. Meanwhile, it is impossible to calculate how much dust and unwholesomeness drift down into the house from such a neglected spot. There is nothing more absurd than this hoarding of trash, and all that is needed to get rid of it is a few hours' energetic sorting, and then the attic can be thoroughly cleaned. The attic should be kept clean and cellars dry to make a house wholesome. A single woollen scarf or stocking may alone bring moths enough to invade a whole house. The good housekeeper, I should add, never has such a neglected spot in her establishment.

Flannel for Underwear is most serviceable for everyone, very young infants excepted. It has the peculiar merit of keeping the vessels of the skin constantly open, which stimulates them to free perspiration and, at the same time, acts as a protection from the evil effects of external moisture. Those who lead an exposed life should, above all others, adopt flannel underwear as far as they are able, for, when working under wide differences of temperature, they are constantly attacked with diseases resulting from a sudden chill on violent perspiration. Many folks object to wearing flannel next the skin, as it irritates; this is really, though perhaps unpleasant, a healthy action of the skin, but may be quite allayed, after a little while, if friction with a towel be applied to the skin when the flannels are removed at night. After a few days of this treatment, the flannels will cause no annoyance.

Plum Pudding is greatly improved if mixed and put on one side to soak the day before it is boiled. If the cloth is allowed to remain on it, the pudding can be kept for many months.

Keeping Broken Eggs. When the whites of eggs only are required, the yolks can be kept perfectly for several days if put into a basin, and covered over tightly with a plate or cover.

To Make Candles Fit into Candlesticks. Dip the end of each candle into very hot water and let it remain until it is slightly melted. If the candles are put into the sockets immediately after this, whilst they are still warm, they remain straight and firm, as the wax generally adheres to the candlestick. (*Reply to* MATER.)

Stewed Beetroot. This dish is often met with in Germany, and I find it very popular amongst friends to whom I have introduced it. Mix half an ounce of butter with a little flour, melt it in about half a pint of water, and add pepper and salt. Wash a beetroot, scrape, and cut it into slices, add it to the sauce and stew for an hour and a quarter. Before serving add a spoonful of vinegar.

Egg-hot. This is evidently the sort of drink you require, and suitable to take before long exposure, for it is sustaining. Warm a pint of beer over the fire. Beat up an egg thoroughly with some sugar and a little grated nutmeg or ginger, then add a little hot beer. Stir well together, and pour the remainder of the hot beer to this; pour all back into the warming-pot again, and back again into the jug for two minutes, when the "egg-hot" will be thoroughly mixed and fit to drink. (*Reply to* J. D.)

Paste similar to Stickphast. This is the nearest approach to what you require. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold, stir as much flour as will bring it to the consistency of cream. Carefully press out all lumps. Stir in half a teaspoonful of powdered resin and pour on to the paste a cup of boiling water, stirring it well. When it becomes thick pour into a jar, cover and keep in a close place. When required for use take a little and soften with warm water. (*Reply to* C. S. P.)

Drink for Young Children. It is well known that the very young and the very old are deficient in heat, therefore, this should be supplied by warm drinks which, for young children, should always be given at meal times, but not so hot as to affect the teeth. There are some serious maladies which are the result of eating cold food for a long while in cold weather. A simple drink can be made for infants by adding together equal portions of hot milk and boiling water, and sweetening it to taste. Many children, too, like oatmeal water, which can be made by pouring boiling water on to a little oatmeal and straining at once.

To Preserve Rabbit-skins. The other day only I saw some skins that had been preserved by this recipe, and the result was excellent, the fur being in good condition, soft, and free from smell. Pour a quart of hot water on to half a pound of common salt and twopennyworth of alum. Scrape off all the loose skin from the hide, wrap it together, and soak in the above solution for forty-eight hours. Then wash it thoroughly in soda-water and soap in two waters, and dry in the air. Three skins can be put into the same solution consecutively. When the skins are dry rub them well with the hand to soften the hide. (*Reply to* BUTCHER.)

New Year's Tartlets. Line some patty pans with pastry, and into each put a little jam, without stones. Make a sponge mixture of two eggs, the weight of one in butter, caster sugar, and flour, and a little baking powder, flavoured to taste. Beat all together for ten minutes. Put a layer of this over the jam thick enough to rise to the top of the patty pan when cooked. Bake in a *hot* oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, not opening the door if you can help it. Whilst the tartlets are baking, boil half a pound of loaf sugar in a quarter of a pint of water for ten minutes, then add a few drops of rose-water. Turn into a basin, and when cool stir the syrup round and round until it looks milky white, spread it over the top of the tartlets and smooth it flat with a knife dipped in hot water. After icing all the tartlets stand them in a very cool oven for a few moments to harden.

[illegible] is not really an [illegible] of food, for it is more [illegible] than other grains [illegible]

A Cure for Sick Headache. [illegible] me to tell my readers of a simple and effective cure for this unpleasant and irritating malady. Mix two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal with half a tumbler of water, and in less than half an hour after drinking this it will give relief to a sick headache, when caused, as it generally is, by acids on the stomach.

Mock Crab. Take some fat yellow cheese, pound it well in a mortar, with a little made mustard, moisten with salad oil and vinegar, and season with cayenne pepper and salt. There should be enough oil and vinegar to render it about the consistency of the cream of a crab. Add to this mixture a pint or more of picked shrimps, and serve in a crab shell; garnish with parsley and a few slices of lemon.

Marking Ink. Dissolve separately one ounce of nitrate of silver with one and a half ounces of good washing soda. Mix the solutions and collect and wash the precipitate in a filter. Whilst still moist rub it up in a marble or stone mortar with three drachms of tartaric acid, add two ounces of distilled water, mix six drachms of white sugar and ten drachms of powdered gum arabic, half an ounce of archil, and enough water to make up six ounces. (*Reply to* P.)

A Certain Cure for Chilblains. I am continually being asked a cure for these cold-weather troubles, which really assume very serious proportions with a great many people. I believe that the very best cure that has ever been invented is the following. It was published some years ago by order of the Government of Wurtemburg, who offered a substantial sum to the sender of the best remedy:—Mutton, tallow, and lard, of each half a pound; melt in an iron vessel, and add hydrated oxide of iron two ounces, stirring continually with an iron spoon until the mass is of a uniform black colour, then let it cool, and add Venice turpentine two ounces, and Armenian bole one ounce, oil of bergamot one drachm: rub up the bole with a little olive oil before putting it in. Apply several times daily by putting it upon lint or linen.

Odds and Ends for the Housekeeper. If the clothes-line is brought in when the clothes are dry, and rolled up, it will last four times as long as if left out of doors to be rotted by sun and rain.——When the fat in a frying-pan is hot before you wish to use it, throw in a piece of bread, for as long as it has something to do, it will not burn.——A ham that is to be kept for two or three years, should be well packed in finely-crushed charcoal.——The fumes of burnt coffee form a good disinfectant. The coffee should be thoroughly bruised, and put on to a very hot plate.——In choosing a goose, select one that has yellow feet and bill, for these show it is young. The bill of an old goose becomes nearly red.——To brighten the inside of a tea or coffee-pot, fill with water, add a piece of soap, and boil for three-quarters of an hour.——For greasing a griddle, cut a raw turnip in half, and rub the surface well with it. This causes no smell, taste, or adhesion, and is really better than butter or grease.——The grated rind and juice of an orange is a great improvement to a ginger cake.——The well-beaten white of an egg rubbed in to leather freshens it beautifully.——To preserve mucilage of either gum-arabic or tragacanth, add a few drops of oil of cloves.——Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes, and see how much annoyance it saves, and how satisfactory is the result.——A little powdered borax, added to cold starch, stiffens collars, etc., beautifully.

Isobel

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Black Blocks 25 per cent. extra.

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY is published every Monday, and copy for advertisements must be in our hands a week ahead; ten days if a proof is required.

All advertisements are subject to approval. Advertisements ordered until countermanded are subject to a fortnight's notice.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; General Offices, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

	[illegible] JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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...tement, ... the Weather, Sleeplessness, Feverish Cold, ... and Quick Pulse, use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

An Imperative Hygienic Need.

...keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute in-flammations, ... the injurious effects of stimulants, excitement, exertion, ...ch as alcohol, ... by natural means; ...tones the nervous system to ...normal condition, ... preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, ... irritability, worry, etc. Should be kept in every bedroom and everything ready for immediate use; always useful; can never do any harm.

...s great value in keeping the body in Health were universally known,

NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

IT is the BEST PREVENTATIVE of and CURE for BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Bile, Giddiness, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, etc., and to remove the effects of excess in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Weary, or Worn Out, or any one whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Stimulation; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

IMPORTANT to TRAVELLERS in India, Egypt, America, and the Continent. "Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in India, Egypt, America, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, from Sunstroke, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully,
"June 6, 1891." "AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL.

NATURE RULES ALL THINGS. Our chief difficulty in comprehending nature is her simplicity—the multitude and boundless variety of results which she educes from one law. It is impossible to have a more forcible simile than the various results caused by a natural action of the liver, when you produce healthy bile.

THE Stomach and Liver and their Trials. "Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overrated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation, and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to others.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, TRUTH. To Mr J. C. Eno."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see that the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared by Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

Indigestion Understood.

Indigestion or Dyspepsia means "difficulty to digest," and is one of the most common diseases of the present century. This troublesome complaint shows itself by feelings of pain, tenderness, weight, fulness, distension, oppression, or general uneasiness after partaking of food; irritability and mental depression, amounting sometimes to melancholy; a torpid state of the bowels, with excessive feebleness. Loss of appetite (more especially for breakfast), giddiness, faintness, feelings of languor and sleepiness, with disinclination to move after eating. These symptoms clearly indicate faulty digestion from debility of the stomach and defective gastric juice. No medicine acts so readily upon these stomach derangements as Guy's Tonic. By bracing up the walls of the organ, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the gastric juice, the highest digestive efficiency is maintained.

A Statement Worth Noticing.

Mr. W. ALEXANDER, of 3, MARKET STREET, NOTTINGHAM, writing on October 19th, 1891, states:—

"Having, through advertisements in the papers, tried Guy's Tonic, I can only say that for my complaint, Indigestion, the remedy deserves all the praise you claim for it."

Guy's Tonic can be obtained everywhere at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or will be sent post free for this amount by the Guy's Tonic Company, 4, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

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Specimens, etc., Post Free.

RUBBER STAMPS.

Your Monogram to mark Linen or Paper, Two Initials, 1s.; Three Letters, 1s. 6d.; any Name, 1s. 6d. Box, Pad, and Ink included. All kinds of Stamps. Patterns Free. Carriage 3d. extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This is no fraud or gift away advertisement. F. W. BRETON & Co., 31, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY,

Root and Branch. Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope.

P. W. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

SCOTCH TWEEDS,

ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, &c., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,

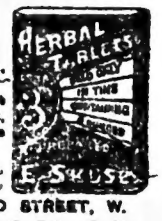
Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.,

And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

The Favourite Confection. World-wide Sale.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.



Prepared from the Finest Aniseed, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Marshmallow, and other choice Herbs.

Sold everywhere in 9 oz. Tins, 8d. Three Tins, post free, 1s.

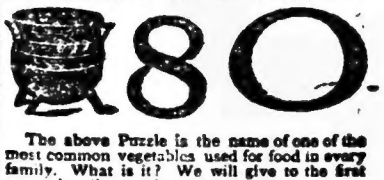
WORKS: 108, PRAED STREET, W.

POST FREE! **Invaluable Information,** for Married or Single, sent free. State age and Sex.—W. HIGSON, Box 323, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

MOUSTACHIOS IN A MONTH, on the smoothest face, are produced by using HIRAUTINE, the French tonic and forcing hair—luxuriant growth—failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. Sent free from observation on receipt of 1s. to Madame A. DUBAN, at the Laboratory, 174, Graham Road, London, N.E. Large bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s.

£20 TO TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. An Illd. Guide (2 9 cp., 3d.) "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £1,000." "Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Regd.), 188, Euston Rd., London. N.W.—A Prospectus on the other Trades. (Free.) Mgr., Hy. Myers, Est. 1868.

£100 CASH IF YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE



The above Puzzle is the name of one of the most common vegetables used for food in every family. What is it? We will give to the first new subscriber sending us a correct answer on or before Feb. 15, 1892, £20 in Cash; to the one giving the next correct answer, £10; to the third, £5; and to the next 18 persons sending in the correct answer we will give 5s. to each.

To the person sending in the last correct answer we will give £20 in CASH; to the next to the last, £10; to the next, £5; and to the next 18 persons, 5s. to each. With your answer send One Shilling Postal Order (or if impossible to obtain Postal Order, send 24 Halfpenny Stamps), for a trial subscription to our 16 page family paper, THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION. Our March issue will give the list of prize winners, with names and addresses. This offer is made solely to advertise our publication and introduce it into new homes. We shall promptly give all the prizes offered here. *Present subscribers can enter this competition by extending their subscription another quarter.* Give your full name and address. Our address is: STOCKBRIDGE & CO., Publishers of "The Household Companion," 90, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., to whom all remittances must be sent.

PRIZE MONEY DEPOSITED We have deposited money for payment of Prizes with the SECURITIES INSURANCE CO., Limited, 26, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., who guarantee the payment, and pay the same from their Offices.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

WINTER DRESSES

for 11s. 6d. We will send you a full dress length of beautiful cloth (for good, strong, serviceable winter wear). Carriage paid to your own house. The beautiful cloths are manufactured at our own factory, and we guarantee that they give perfect satisfaction, or return the money. They are fast colours, and guaranteed not to shrink or spot with rain. They may be had in black and thirty lovely new colours, specially produced by us for the coming season. They are well known for their remarkable durability, and are without doubt the best value ever offered. Thousands of testimonials.

An Amazing Offer! With each dress length ordered from us we shall give a pair of excellent quality 4-button French Kid Gloves, any size and colour (value 2s. 6d. per pair). When three dresses are ordered all at the same time, we allow sixpence per dress length discount.

Ladies! Don't purchase rubbish at lower prices when you can obtain a genuine and honest cloth at 11s. 6d. the dress length. Please write for our Patterns. We send them post free, and they need not be returned. Write at once.—John Edmunds & Co. (Dept. 15), Woollen Manufacturers, Batley, Yorkshire.

KEATING'S THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in Tins, 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

Katrine DRESS CLOTH.

FULL DRESS LENGTHS. 7/6 TO 15/-

We are the largest bona-fide Manufacturers advertising, as we this season exceeded last by more than 75,000 yards. Our cloths wear best, drape best, are unfashionable, and of Satin-like finish; lovely colourings. Carriage paid on all parcels. Write for Patterns and Circulars, Post Free, with particulars of Special Discounts from 2s. 6d. to a Free Dress. Mention this paper, and address—

The North of England Mnfctng. Co., Leeds.

SAMPLE PAIR FREE

As a bold test of free samples in Tailoring made Suits and Overcoats, we have decided to spend £11,000 in free gifts above, namely pairs of TROUSERS value 15s. 6d., given away with every heavy Blue Serge Suit ordered at sample test price, 18s., our regular price 25s. Send stamp for patterns and easy self-measurement forms, also testimonials and price lists. Overcoats to measure also the free gift of sample Trousers, sample pair of Trousers real Tweed, sent for 8s. Name Pearson's Weekly, as this appears in 50 London papers. Our army employs over 2,000 hands. SMYTH & CO., Wholesale Tailors, Maidstone. (Bankers:—London and County.) Dense Lustrous, 6 yds. double width, 2s. 6d., of the above Tailor Serge, 56 in wide. Parcels carriage paid anywhere.

HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN MARRIED.

Read "MYSTERIA" (7th thousand). The best guide to married and single life. Post free, 1s. Bellona Publishing Co., 61, Lord Street, Liverpool. (Mention PEARSON'S.)

FURS! EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY!

8,000 Real Racoon Fur Boas, 1s., guaranteed worth 5s., sent by post, 1s. 3d. 300 Fur Boas, finest quality, 9s. Men's Coats, Fur-lined, 25 each. Box of the Beautiful furs, 10s. PHILLIPS & CO., 52 & 53, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

GUESSING COMPETITION. £10 IN PRIZES.

£5 will be given to the one who most correctly states the number of times the letter H (capital and small) appears on the first page (not title-page) of *Pearson's Weekly*, for week ending January 23rd, 1892. Five Prizes of £1 each to the next. Entries close January 16th, 1892. Entrance Fee, P.O. 1s., and stamped addressed envelope for result.

WM. H. HOLT, 82, Manchester Road, Castleton, Manchester.

...R YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

...DDIE'S IMPERIAL HAIR DYE

(REGISTERED) ONE LIQUID.

Black
Dark Brown
Light Brown
Golden Brown or Auburn
Pure Golden
...less, Perfect, Permanent and Odourless.
Clear, no Sediment.
3/6, 5/- 10/6 (Specially Packed)

...DIE, 41 Museum Street, London.
...CE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.

CARLTON (REGISTERED)

Straight Cut Virginia Cigarettes

In Boxes of 10, 20, 50, and 100.

THE IDEAL BOUQUET.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHOLESALE AGENTS IN LONDON: FRAENKEL BROTHERS, 81 to 84, Houndsditch E.C.
JOHN HIGGINS, 10, Long Lane.
GLASGOW: J. COHEN & SON, 80, Buchanan St.
W. WHITE & SON, 15, Gibson Street, Gallowgate.
BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON & SHREWSBURY: SINGLETON & COLE, LIMITED.
MANCHESTER: WINTERBURN & WILCOX, 45, Swan Street.
LIVERPOOL: A. ZICALIOTTI (The Maker), 53 & 55, Cable Street.

...Y TO WM. WALKER & SONS, OTLEY, YKS., for their Catalogue (Post-Free) of Humorous, Sunday-School, Board School, Temperance and Dickens DIALOGUES.

LOCUES OF ALL KINDS FOR PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS

...trel ...ainments, Parlour ...ncert-Room; they have LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD.

BALDNESS.

"EAUHORN"

The Cure for Baldness (Regd.),

...moving the congested condition of the hair follicles (chief cause of premature baldness) and providing food for the Hair in the form of an oleaginous substance, as nearly ...mposition to the sebaceous matter supplied to all healthy hair, causes the Hair to grow again, strong and ...ly on Bald Heads, where a fine down is left.

Post free, plain cover, 8/6 and 10/6 per Bottle. Send for Book of 100 Testimonials, free.

BALD-PATCHES

Amongst the Hair and Beard (*Alopecia-Areata*) often resulting in TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR. This disease requires different treatment to ordinary premature Baldness.

HORN'S

"Areata Lotion"

Effects a permanent cure even in apparently hopeless cases. Price 2s. 9d.; double size, 4s. 6d. per bottle.

POST FREE FROM

GREY-HAIR.

HORN'S "ACESMA" supplies the

WANT of the AGE!

No more dangerous Lead Hair "Restorers"! No more ridiculous tints! A Purely Vegetable Extract in one Liquid; harmless, permanent, odourless, and

DOES NOT STAIN THE SKIN!

Medical and Analytical Certificate with each bottle.

Price 2/9 and 5/- post free, from the sole Proprietor—

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR:

Registered] **HORN'S** [*Trade Mark.*

HAIR SOLVENT.

The *Court Journal*, August 16th, 1890, says:—"This invention contains no burning or hurtful substances. One application completely removes Hair, and when only superficially implanted, they will not grow again. It has no effect upon the skin whatever, and being a liquid is easily applied." *Medical Certificate with each bottle.*

Bottles, 2/9; Double size, 4/9, post free from

D. E. HORN, HAIR-SPECIALIST (from the Berlin Skin Hospital) NEWPORT, I.W.

London Agents: CASSIE & CO., 49, Newgate Street.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

RESULT OF COUNTING COMPETITION NUMBER VII.

In this competition we asked competitors to ascertain which was the 5,279th letter in the paper. Though we thought this task would be a difficult one it appears we were quite mistaken as it was very easy indeed, for of the 1416 entrants, yielding £70 16s., so many are correct that the sum gained by each would amount to little over one shilling. The correct letter was the first "l" in the word "excellent." We feel, therefore, that the winners would rather enter a fresh competition than have this very small reward for the trouble they have already taken, so we are setting them another task. They must count the number of times A, E, and I, large and small, occur on pages 371 and 372 of this issue, but every E that occurs in the word "the," every A that occurs in the word "and," and every I that occurs in the word "it" must be omitted. Every "the," "and," and "it" on pages 371 and 372 must be taken into consideration. *All the names of the correct winners in Competition* [illegible] *and the coupons for this new competition will be compared with this list when they come in.* [illegible] for this competition must please reach us at [illegible] by first post on January 1st, marked "Second Count." Of course postal orders need not be enclosed.

Persons who wish to secure one of our gold plated [illegible] this week should endeavour to make a well-known proverb from the following letters:—a, a, e, e, e, e, f, f, h, h, i, i, i, i, i, m, n, n, o, o, o, p, r, r, s, t, t, t, t, t. To the first reader who sends in the correct solution a pencil-case will be forwarded, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards until twenty-five have been awarded. Post cards only, please. The result of last week's competition cannot be given until next week, as we have to go press early, on account of the Christmas holidays.

Many thanks to the readers who have, during the last [illegible], sent us the very pretty Christmas cards that have come to hand, and, in anticipation, to those [illegible] others will arrive after we have gone to press with this number. The editor's room is quite gay with these tokens of good-will, which, we [illegible] their senders, are very heartily appreciated.

F. F. a.k., "Where is Temple Chambers? I know London fairly well, but never remember to have seen this particular place, though I presume it is somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Temple."——[illegible] are quite right. Temple Chambers lies to the extreme east of the Temple, and is a very large block of comparatively new buildings which comprise offices and residential chambers. It extends towards Fleet Street from the Thames Embankment. Though in pitching our tent here we do not reap the advertisement which an office in a crowded thoroughfare affords, we consider that the quiet, the good light, and the fresh air which the situation ensures, more than make up for this.

LAGO writes:—"Which is the 'island continent'? I say it is Australia, but a friend of mine argues that Australia cannot be ranked as a continent."————in this your friend is wrong, as Australia has every right to be considered a continent. Probably the expression you quote was intended to designate it, though it might with equal correctness be applied to Africa, for since the Suez Canal was cut that is indisputably an "island continent."

SOUTHSEA writes:—"Will you let me suggest to those of your readers who, like myself, feel that your efforts to please us deserve some small recognition, that they make a habit of adding to every letter they write 'P.S. Do you read *Pearson's Weekly*? If you do not, you ought to, for it is the best penny non-newspaper published.' I have done this systematically for some six months past, and know of at least a dozen cases in which it has brought you a new subscriber. If even ten per cent of the rest of your readers would do the same your circulation would receive an immense impetus."————Needless to say we have every confidence in commending SOUTHSEA's scheme to the attention of our readers. The idea of every one of them having it in his power to so easily secure twelve others is so gorgeous a one that it quite staggers us; for, though the paper is progressing rapidly, no such enormous stride as this can be hoped for in the ordinary course of events. When *P. W.* attained its first birthday, we published an article regarding the unprecedented fashion in which it had risen in public favour, promising at the same time that we would not inflict matter of the kind upon our readers again for some time to come. We do not remember having seriously transgressed in this way since, so perhaps may venture to consider ourselves justified in mentioning a fact which during the last few weeks has been a source of the greatest gratification to us. Papers of the class to which this belongs usually pass through an annual course of rise and fall. In the early part of the year the circulation rises steadily, until it attains its maximum about the middle of September, and then it declines, much more rapidly than it has risen, until Christmas has passed. The explanation is quite simple. Many people begin taking in fresh papers at the beginning of every year, and then, as fine weather approaches, and folk are moving about, people buy a paper of this kind to read in the train, who in the ordinary course of events do not purchase one at all; so the circulation grows and grows until the excursion season is at an end. Lengthy experience in the management of a phenomenally successful weekly, which passed every year through these phases, taught us to expect that our circulation would very seriously fall between the middle of September and the present time; but, as a matter of fact, it has not decreased at all, having, on the contrary, risen—slowly, it is true, but surely. This fact is particularly gratifying to us, as it seems to show that we have reached the aim kept constantly in view—i.e., to make *P. W.* a paper which a subscriber is not likely to discontinue once he has bought it.

B. M. says:—"I have a wager with a friend that Mr. Gladstone is mutilated in some way. I think I have seen the [illegible] but I cannot remember the exact facts of the [illegible] cannot find anyone whom I can ask to give me definite information."————If the loss of a finger can be held to mean mutilation you have won your wager, for Mr. Gladstone lost a forefinger of his left hand years ago. He met with an accident, which caused this loss, while engaged in his favourite occupation of tree felling.

W. G. J.—Many thanks for your paragraph. It certainly is very spiteful, but we do not see why we should occupy space in refuting statements which are so palpably false. Five other people besides yourself have been good enough to send it to us, so we presume that every reader of the paper in which it appeared thought it worth while to do this.

THE following is the state of affairs shown by the Children's Dinner Fund on the morning of Saturday, December 19th, on which date we are obliged to go to press with this issue.

Amount previously acknowledged £31 12s. 0½d.

T. Tidey, 1s.; A Small Family, 1s. 6d.; [illegible] 1s.; J. A. W., G. E. W., [illegible] A Book [illegible]ver, 6d.; collected by Ethel and Gladys [illegible]; W. F., 1s.; J. and E. Steele, [illegible]; Warden Mackler, 6d.; Farthingale, [illegible]; E. Spencer, 12s. 6d.; K. Tweedyman, [illegible]; Soldier, 6d.; [illegible] collected by T. W. Morgan, [illegible] W. Loveday and E. Hancock, £1 0s. 5d.; [illegible] collected by A. [illegible], £1 [illegible]; Dear [illegible], 1s.; Mrs. Orr, 2s. 6d.; [illegible] Christmas, £1; W. [illegible] 1s.; Mince Pie, 1s.; [illegible]; X Y Z, [illegible] Grand Total, £35 11s. 2½d.

A number of the subscription lists which we sent out have not yet been returned to us, and as we hope that they are [illegible] the sum of £50 [illegible] will be still further increased. There is, we think, no doubt that there will be sufficient money to provide for a [illegible], which will be held on the evening of Thursday, December 31st. As we [illegible] an account of what has happened will appear in our issue for week ending January 16th.

H. L. wishes to be informed how he is to ascertain whether he is in love with a certain young lady of his acquaintance, or not. He thinks he must be, but as he has not hitherto fallen a victim to Cupid's dart, is not able to make up his mind as to whether he really is or no.————This is quite one of the most curious questions we have ever had addressed to us. Young men are not generally very long in doubt on the interesting point which has agitated you. It is not a very easy thing to give any rule by which you can ascertain the exact state of your feelings towards the young lady in question. Perhaps you will find the best test to be the letter-writing one. Read over very carefully the next letter you write to the fair creature, and ask yourself whether it is the letter of a sensible man. If it is, you may be assured that the damage done to your heart (or we suppose we should say liver, as that rather unpoetical organ is supposed to be the seat of the affections) is not very serious. On the other hand, if the letter seems to betray signs of incipient insanity, then you may consider yourself a "gone coon." It seems to be a special arrangement of Providence, that no man should be able to write a sensible letter to the lady whom he covets for his own. Do not forget us when you are sending round the wedding-cake.

REFERRING to the recent article and correspondence with regard to NATURE AS A SCULPTOR, J. K. writes from Penzance to say that the neighbourhood of the Land's End abounds with specimens of rocks that bear resemblances to famous individuals. He sends a photo of "Pitt's Head," which is close to Land's End, and speaks of several other rocks of the same kind, notably one called "Doctor Johnson's Head," from the resemblance it bears to the famous lexicographer.

R. W. B. writes:—"Some friends and myself are getting up a village musical entertainment, and we find ourselves rather at a loss to know what pieces, both vocal and instrumental, would be most likely to be appreciated by the audience. We should be very much obliged to you if you would give us some advice on the matter."————Music is a subject upon which we cannot pretend to be any authority at all, but at the same time, we can give you some very good advice on this particular point, and that is, to carefully keep down to the level of your audience. Musical people as a rule seem to think that the only kind of music which should ever be performed, so far as playing is concerned, is the elaborate and tuneless variety more generally known, we believe, as "classical"; varied, when it comes to singing, with songs, the words of which are as twaddly as their music is dull. Now this is not at all the kind of thing the average village audience cares about. Of course, highly cultured people who go to high-class concerts and pay high-class prices for the privilege of hearing the work of the best masters interpreted by the best living artists, like it very much. It appeals to sensibilities which they have cultivated with great care, but which do not exist at all in the average mortal. We should say that not more than one per cent. of the population of an ordinary village is really musical enough to care for this kind of thing. The majority like instrumental music with catchy tunes, and vocal music with words which, if not comic, are at all events sensible, and are set off by a tune which the average mortal can carry in his head. If you get up an entertainment on these lines, it is sure to be a success, for excellence of execution really does not matter, provided the material provided is of the right sort.

HALO suggests that we should send a copy of the paper every week to each reading-room in the kingdom.————We are very much obliged for the suggestion, but it is not one that we care to adopt. Without wishing to say anything against reading-rooms and their advantages generally, it never seems to us to be quite fair that the large number of people who frequent each of these establishments should have an opportunity of perusing this or any other paper without expending a penny upon it. Reading this or any other paper of its kind is not a necessity of life, but more or less of a luxury. Other luxuries must be paid for—why should this one be enjoyed free of cost, to the detriment of the proprietors of a paper? If a man wishes to indulge himself in the luxury of a cigar, he must buy the cigar first, and, though, of course, we cannot pretend to look at the matter from a purely disinterested stand-point, it seems to us that he ought, in common fairness, to be equally obliged to spend a penny before reading a paper, especially when it is one that offers a variety of prizes to its readers. If everybody contented themselves with reading what papers they could see at a free library, papers would very soon cease to exist, for it would be impossible to obtain in this way a large enough circulation to make both ends meet.

WE are constantly receiving complaints from new readers to the effect that they have been unable to get this paper, as their newsagents had none left. It should be remembered that most newsagents only lay in sufficient stock to meet their actual orders, and that the way to secure a copy is to *order it to be regularly supplied.*

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year..................	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months...........	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.

Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—

"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Back Numbers more than a Month old, 3d. *each.*

SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALASIA:

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne.

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

POSITIVELY THE BEST ... DRESSING FOR STRENGTHENING, BEAUTIFYING, AND PRES...

EDWARDS' "HARL...

WORLD RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER
AND
RESTORER.
USED BY THOUSANDS DAILY.
ITS SUPERIORITY IS UNSURPASSED.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE"
POSITIVELY FORCES
LUXURIANT HAIR,
Whiskers, and Moustachios
To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY
FOR BALDNESS
From whatever cause arising. As a Producer of
WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS
It has never been equalled. As a curer of Weak or Thin Eyelashes,
OR RESTORING GREY HAIR
To its Natural Colour, never fails.

PHYSICIANS AND ANALYSTS PRONOUNCE IT TO BE PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DEVOID OF ANY METALLIC OR OTHER INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct, on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 6s. Postal Orders preferred.

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE TH...
"Dear Sir,—After trying several ha... and giving yours a fair trial, I must ack... it to be the best. "S. BENN...
"19, Gloucester Place, Liverpool."

AN EXCELLENT HAIR DRESSING.
"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it an excellent dressing for the hair, and prefer it to any other. "MRS. ROWE.
"Lower Heywood, Banbury, Oxon."

AN ANXIOUS FATHER SATISFIED.
"Sir,—I am pleased to testify to the efficacy of your 'Harlene.' My little boy (4½ years old) has had a bald place on the back of his head from his birth. I applied the 'Harlene' to the place daily and the result has been most satisfactory."
Name and address suppressed by desire. Original may be seen.

Nothing so Effectual as EDWARDS' "HARLENE."
"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to say that your 'Harlene' is taking effect upon my hair. Have tried several remedies, but none have proved so effectual as Edwards' 'Harlene.' "E. RICKET.
"595, High Road, Gunnersbury."

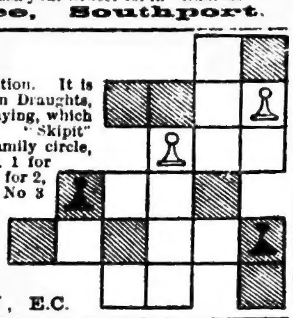
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.
"Dear Sir,—Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement in my hair already. Please send another bottle. "W. A. RUDSTEAD.
"46, Handsworth Street, Glasgow."

COUPON. — COUPON.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."
A
5/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3/-
We bind ourselves to send to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who sends us this Coupon, with a postal order for 3s. and 6d. to cover postage, package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' HARLENE, provided that it is ordered within one month from date of coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our spécialité more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders, with Coupon, as below. Dated Jan. 2nd, 1892.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
EDWARDS & CO., 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

PLUMTREE'S
HOME-POTTED MEATS.
Manufactory:—SOUTHPORT.
Delicate in Flavour. Uniform in Quality.
FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA. For INVALIDS, SPECIALLY ADAPTED.
For Pic-Nics, Railway Travellers, and Tourists.
Prepared from the Finest Meats procurable, and sold in WHITE EARTHENWARE JARS AND TINS.
Sample Jar sent post free to the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *on receipt of 7½d. in Stamps.*
Afterwards kindly ask your Grocer for it. Address—
Plumtree, Southport.

"SKIPIT."

A new game of skill and strategy, original English invention. It is less complicated than Chess but more interesting than Draughts, with various entirely new features in the mode of playing, which make it exceedingly attractive to players and spectators. "Skipit" forms a new addition to the amusements of the family circle, and has soon become universally popular. Skipit: No. 1 for 2 players (in cardboard box), post free, 1s. 6d. No. 2 for 2, 3, or 4 players (in elegant cardboard box), post free, 3s. No 3 for 2, 3, or 4 (in polished wood box), post free, 5s. 6d. Sold by all stationers, toy and fancy goods dealers throughout the United Kingdom. Agent for the wholesale trade,
LEWIS WILD,
13, EDMUND PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

HARMLESS PISTOL.

A NEW GAME FOR LAWN OR PARLOUR, SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES.
With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow, which will adhere to the Target, and indicate the score.
Bronze Pistol, 8 in. long, with Arrow and Target, 2s.
Nickel-plated Pistol, 8 in. long, with Arrow and Target, 3s.
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